THE PAGEANT OF THE FORTH

THE HISTORY AND ROMANCE OF ITS SHORES

BY STEWART DICK

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THE PAGEANT OF THE FORTH

WORKS BY STEWART DICK

THE COTTAGE HOMES OF ENGLAND
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TOLEDO: THE HEART OF SPAIN

THE PAGEANT OF THE FORTH

BY STEWART DICK

WITH TWENTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS
IN COLOUR BY SCOTTISH ARTISTS

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THE PAGEANT OF THE FORTH

CHAPTER I

THE FIRTH AND ITS SHORES

BEFORE history began, Nature herself had ordained that the Firth of Forth should play an all-important part in Scottish history. A glance at the map will show us, that just as the Thames is the one important break in the east coast of England, so the Forth—the "Scots Firth" as it used to be called—is the main estuary on the east coast of Scotland. The Humber and the Tay, shallow and dangerous to navigation, are but of secondary importance; while the Moray Firth to the north is hardly an estuary at all, but, like the Bay of Biscay, lies open to the full force of

the incoming sea. The Firth of Forth on the other hand forms a magnificent haven, well sheltered from all but the east winds, and in its upper reaches completely land-locked. To find its rival, we have to go to the west, where the Firth of Clyde now surpasses it in commercial importance, but the development of the Clyde belongs to a later period. The age of steam and the opening up of the new continents to the west were the making of Glasgow, yet it is hardly too much to say that to the Firth of Forth was due a large share in the making of Scotland.

Could we set it, and play it fitly, the pageant of the Forth would form a pictorial history of Scotland; and where could we find a finer stage or more beautiful scenery for tales of romance or deeds of chivalry?

Sir Walter Scott and Robert Louis Stevenson have both sung the praises of the glorious prospect from the high ground beyond Edinburgh, where the Forth lies spread out "like a blue floor," bordered by golden sands and green fields, with a background of purple hills. From the north also the view has a

beauty of its own worthy to compare with this. Lacking the brilliance of colouring seen from the southern shore, the prospect from the shores of Fife to the Lothians is a harmony of beautiful greys, for looking towards the sun, we exchange for the bright colouring of the northern aspect, blazing like a coronet of jewels in the sunshine, a fainter and more mysterious lighting. The tints are luminous and opalescent, glowing with warm light, and fading into dim distances where the towns do not stand out clear and sparkling, but lie hidden in the tender haze which covers the coast. In dull weather indeed the south coast shows clear, but with an inky quality that still hides detail from the eye. And when you stand on the May Island and cast an eye first to the north and then to the south, there are two distinct schemes of colour: the northern, a vista of flashing blue waves and blue mountains, fairylike, but clear and substantial; the southern, from the long point of St. Abbs to the Bass and Berwick Law, and the distant Lammermoors, all shrouded in dim haze—the dimness of excess of light, while

the Firth lies a sheet of silver sparkling with diamonds.

From the East Neuk to the Bass it is some twelve miles across, and this great stretch of water extends with little diminution of its breadth right up to the port of Leith ; there the shores begin to draw in, and a few miles farther up we come to the narrow strait between North and South Queensferry.

Above, the Firth broadens again in the land-locked haven, soon to be the rendezvous of a great part of our fleet, and twelve miles farther up, the river begins.

And what of the shores of this noble estuary? At the entrance, on either side, lie the lands of East Lothian and the East Neuk of Fife, great flat stretches of the finest farming-land in Scotland. On the south side this great band of rich alluvial land is bounded by ranges of hills, the Lammermoors, the Moorfoots, and the Pentlands, drawing nearer as one goes up the Firth, till at Edinburgh they approach within some six miles of the shore, and then falling back to come closer again in the high lands of Stirlingshire. On

the north side the Ochils and the Lomonds bound an equally rich and beautiful tract in the Kingdom of Fife. Within those limits has been enacted most of Scotland's dramatic story. There could be no finer stage, and the drama has been full of moving scenes; some gay with the glamour of old-world romance; many grim with tragedy, grisly with horror—scenes of bloodshed and strife disfiguring so fair a scene. But this too is nature, the human nature of a less artificial age than ours, when virtues and vices were rougher and ruder, but mixed in much the same proportions as we find to-day.

The players are many and various: kings and their courts, invading armies that come and go leaving desolation in their track; the quiet monastic settlements rearing grey towers among the woodlands; the busy townships, each one with its sturdy burghers, struggling into independence.

Indeed it is not one, but many pageants, which strangely interwoven make up the history of Scotland. We shall take them piecemeal as we wander round the shores of the

Firth, each place having its own associations; some memories of gay courts, others of cool sequestered cloisters; some recalling tales of war and battle, others redolent of the more peaceful victories of civil life.

The first scene opens with Roman galleys in the Firth and Roman legions on the shore, but the picture is vague and indefinite. Time and again they come, push into the fastnesses of the north; each time, though victorious, they are forced to retreat, and, in the end, take up their position in the southern shore. Finally the wall from Forth to Clyde is built, extending the barrier to the western sea, and marking once and for all the limit of the Roman Conquest of Scotland. But the pictures are faint and dim, seen in broken and intermittent glimpses, and darkness settles down again.

When the Roman legions are withdrawn, Scottish history is once more merged in oblivion. We know little of what happened in the early centuries of the Christian era. A Celtic people inhabited the land, whose language still lingers in many of our place names,

and was spoken generally when Malcolm Canmore brought his bride to Dunfermline. In those early days the people were broken up into local divisions, each with its own petty ruler, and engaged in perpetual internecine strife. In the lowlands, the "Kingdom of Fife," isolated as it is by nature, seems to have been one of the latest of these divisions to preserve its independence; but it is little more than a hundred and fifty years since the Highland tribes were still under the despotic rule of their local chieftains. It was only after the Jacobite rising of 1715 and 1745, when roads were driven through these wild tracts of mountain and moorland, that modern conditions began there to supplant the old patriarchal rule. But in the days after the Roman occupation all Scotland lay under the same primitive system, and it was only the assaults of the Danes and other piratical invaders that drove the scattered tribes to combine against the common enemy.

A gentler influence too was making itself felt, which quietly but surely was doing the

work of civilisation, for the Culdee priests spread over the land, bringing the light of Christianity and laying the foundations of the religious houses destined to play so prominent a part in the future. But our knowledge of these times is rather that of legend than of history. We are told a priest called Regulus in the year 370 A.D. was wrecked in Muckross Bay, but having in his keeping portions of the body of the martyred St. Andrew, his life was miraculously saved. The relics of the saint have disappeared, but the square tower of St. Regulus and the old town of St. Andrews still remain to perpetuate the legend.

With the Norman Conquest, Scotland, as well as England, enters a new era, the age of the great builders. The old Culdee churches and settlements are succeeded by the stately piles of the old cathedrals and monasteries, of which, alas! only the ruins now survive. But it was not churches alone that were built. Even now, on each side of the Forth, a frowning ruin, massive in its decay, every here and there raises its battered head. And on the south side of the Firth a series of tremendous fortresses dom-

TANTALLON CASTLE

From a painting by
T. CORSAN MORTON.

inated the Lowlands and acted as a bar against southern invasion. Dunbar, Edinburgh, and Stirling were the three chief strongholds of the south of Scotland, and round those three points centred the wars of centuries. Little wonder that the noblemen holding such fortresses waxed powerful till their position often menaced the stability of the throne itself.

Gradually, however, in Scotland as in England, though there at a somewhat later period, this state of continual war and strife changes to a more settled prosperity, and the old castle gives place to the palace and the manor house. Falkland and Linlithgow Palaces mark the increased desire for comfort and luxury, no longer to be satisfied with the grim strength of Dunbar and Tantallon, and many of the old castles were practically rebuilt as palaces, as was the case with Stirling.

Yet there is a still more significant sign of the growing civilisation of Scotland, the rise of the old royal burghs which fringe both shores of the Forth. For the real prosperity of a nation lies not in the power and riches of its nobles, but in the completeness with which

its wealth is distributed among the people themselves. From the thirteenth century we have continual mention of the granting of royal charters to these little trading communities, each one struggling bravely to raise its head amid anything but favourable conditions.

It is difficult for us to realise the life in one of these old burghs, something quite different from its sheltered existence now. In the early days the old burgher was a member of a sturdy group, banded firmly together for purposes of defence, ready to defend his rights, if necessary, by force of arms. Its charter too often conferred decided privileges, a monopoly of an industry for instance, for free trade had not been invented then nor tariff reform dreamt of. And each township was practically complete in itself, for means of communication were scanty ; it was luxuries chiefly that were imported, necessaries were made on the spot. Sturdy independence was their characteristic, the provost was a little king in his own town, the town councils had all the weighty importance of a parliament and the bailies all the dignity of privy councillors.

The Border was a no-man's-land continually harried by petty wars and unauthorised raids from one side or the other; the Highlanders varied their local feuds with predatory descents on the Lowlands; it was in the broad fertile lands of Fife and the Lothians that the real strength andwealth of Scotland lay. Here cluster the royal palaces, Edinburgh, Dunfermline, Falkland, Linlithgow; into the wide estuary pours the wealth of foreign nations; and from its little ports Scottish ships carry the local goods in exchange.

As England's inveterate enemy, Scotland was the natural ally of France, and the close intercourse of the two countries is shown by the many French words still in common use. "Belhaven" was once the port of Dunbar, the Scottish butcher calls his leg of mutton a "gigot," and a dish is an "ashet," while "gardy-loo" (gardez l'eau) was the warning cry in Edinburgh streets when the housewife emptied the contents of her bucket out of the window.

With the Low Countries, too, for centuries there was a busy traffic, and indeed there is

something very Dutch-like about our Scotch towns and fishing villages. The little red-tiled houses with crowstepped gables to the street, might often have been lifted bodily from a Dutch or Flemish town, and the architectural resemblance is equally striking in the series of quaint municipal buildings—the little town hall with its squat clock-tower. There is something Flemish-like, too, in the white mutch of the old Scotch woman. It is just as you will see it in Bruges to-day.

The people of the Forth seem a mixed race, Anglo-Saxon, with a considerable admixture of other races, just as we find elsewhere in Scotland, but with a predominance of Scandinavians among the fisher folks. Some of these last are almost Mongolian in appearance, slim built, with olive skins, lank black hair, and dark brown eyes set slightly obliquely. Strangely enough you see this type (seal men they were called by the superstitious West Highlanders) all round the coast. I have come across examples among the fisher folks of the Isle of Man.

But though these racial types are the same on each side of the Forth, there is quite a difference between the two shores and their peoples. The Lothian man is a typical Lowland Scot, but the Fifer is something more distinctive.

"Farewell, bonnie Scotland, I'm awa' to Fife," says the proverb, and to the native his home is still the "Kingdom of Fife."

Cut off from the rest of Scotland by its two Firths, the country has a certain isolation, its little towns have developed a distinct character, a little more primitive than you find on the south side of the water and a great deal more independent.

In Fife villages you will find more quaint old buildings than in the villages of the Lothians; every little town had its own Tolbooth; the churches, alas, as a rule, are only ancient as regards their towers, for the Fifers were terrible reformers three hundred years ago. Even still the Fifeshire brand of Presbyterianism is of sterner, grimmer make than elsewhere; it is uncompromisingly hostile to modern changes. There you may still hear the

old precentor, still see the collection taken up by means of a long ladle passed down the pew.

The people also have a character of their own, shrewd and canny, and with an overweening sense of their own importance; for are they not Fifers, and is not Fife the centre of the universe?

"Ah, Crummie, Crummie," cried the newly elected Fifeshire bailie to his cow, "ye're nae common coo now; ye're a bailie's coo, my man," and this expresses well the naïve self-importance of the prosperous Fifer.

Fife is rich in proverbs, not always complimentary to its natives, but full of pawky humour.

"A pickle land, a lump o' debt, a doocot and a law plea" is the Fife laird's estate, and the phrase gives a vivid picture of old Scottish life; we can see the laird and his surroundings, just as if he had stepped from the pages of Sir Walter Scott. Very dry the humour is sometimes—

> "They say in Fife
> That next to nae wife
> The best thing is a guid wife."

But Maggie Wood of Elie (descendant of the old admiral), has a kindlier vein—

> "I like all things well
> But guid things best."

Times have changed largely for the Forth since the days of steam; what were once thriving little seaports, now find their occupations gone. The little coasting schooners are well-nigh things of the past, and instead we have the army of tramps steaming their way to Leith.

The little towns have dwindled away, but most of them are plucking up heart again, and taking a new lease of life as seaside resorts.

But surely the shores of the Forth form the golfer's paradise. All good golfers, they say, go to St. Andrews when they die, and most of them before; but St. Andrews is only the king of a group of unrivalled courses. All along the Fife coast the shore is lined with golf courses. Balcomie, Elie, Lundin Links, Leven, Kinghorn, the Ferry Hills, to name but a few, and on the southern shore we have Dunbar, North Berwick, Archerfield, Muirfield, Gullane, with its four courses, and

Musselburgh, to say nothing of Edinburgh, with its group of inland courses, Barnton, Duddingston, the Braids, and Mortonhall.

Still it is by the shore one finds the ideal golfing ground, flat open stretches, where the beginning of the beach is marked by a line of bents. On this sandy soil grows the short, crisp, wiry grass that gives a turf springy and slippery underfoot, and keen on the green; the very reverse of the heavy pasture-land of the average inland course. If one must have an inland course, hilly ground like the Braids or the English Downs is the next best, but it can never compare with the elastic turf of the sandy beaches. To one brought up by a seaside course, the game lacks flavour without the smell of the salt and the touch of the keen sea air.

And in another way golf here is different from the golf of the south. There it is the game of the classes only. For the poor man cannot afford to pay a yearly fee of some five to ten pounds, for his golf subscription, to which probably, owing to the inaccessibility of the course, has to be added a tax of two or

three shillings for every game. But in Fife and the Lothians, every one plays, gentlemen, working-men and loafers ; the last class producing the finest players. This is only natural, for to the leisure of the gentleman they add the physique of the working-man. Beginning as caddies, they learn with other people's clubs and with "lost" balls, and in due time appear as professionals ; and finally, in charge of some southern green, spread their gospel among the heathen. Many of the Scottish towns have public courses ; and where they are private, one usually finds that an artisan club also exists, which is allowed the use of it on generous terms. So on half-holidays and in the long summer evenings the Scottish working-man gets his game.

There is something very Scotch about the Scotch golfer, he seems to suit the leisurely and contemplative game. "Keep your eye on the ball," "slow back," and "aye be up," is written all over him. As a nation, one would say the Scotch were professional, the English amateur, golfers. For there should be nothing dilettante about the game of golf.

How serious a matter it is may be judged from the old story of the Scotch minister. Emerging after a hot and unhallowed strife in the bunker, his profane words still echoing in his ears, he mops his heated brow and exclaims bitterly: "Ah maun gie it up, ah maun gie it up." "What!" cries his partner in consternation, "gie up gowf?" "No," he replies with sublime scorn, "gie up the meenistry." This is the real old golfing spirit, which still survives round the shores of the Forth.

CHAPTER II

DUNBAR

At the southern entrance of the Firth stands Dunbar, a cold windy place, but as compensation full of beautiful colour. The climate of Dunbar is a speciality of its own. It has one of the lowest rainfalls in Scotland, one can see innumerable showers diverted either to the line of the Firth in the north, or the ridge of the Lammermoors to the south, while the old burgh escapes dry and makes a boast of it. It is bracing to a fault. If you love strong air come to Dunbar ; you can taste the salt on your lips as you alight at the station, and on that rocky coast the sea is never still, never quiet ; its note varies from a murmur to a roar, but it is always there as a background.

Many golfers give Dunbar a preference which the mere merits of its course would

not justify, and to such, golf at Dunbar has a flavour that it lacks elsewhere. I have played there five-and-twenty years ago. The whins had not been exterminated at the third hole then, the grass was uncut and grew rank and tufty, the players were few, but the game had even more zest than to-day.

But now a word as to the distinctive colour of Dunbar, the sea as a background running through all the series of blues and greys, fringed by a beach of glowing red, but by the east links these red rocks are of soft sandstone, splitting easily and full of cracks and crannies where crabs and denizens of the deep love to linger, and from which children love to pick them out. To the west the character of the rock changes and rises in low cliffs of the same brilliant red colour as the eastward formation, while between the two, like a wedge, are driven the ridges of black basalt, on which stands the castle, and in the jaws of which lies the harbour. Black basalt, I say, but that is to do little justice to its variety and depth of colour, changing from a sooty velvety black, to purple, then to a rich

liver colour, overlaid again with the orange-lichen, green grass, and waving sea pinks.

Opposite lie the shores of Fife, from the twin peaks of Lomond, and the swelling lump of Largo Law, to the low-lying lands of the East Neuk. Out farther still, lies the Isle of May. Beyond both of these on a clear day the blue line of the Forfarshire coast is visible, and in mid-winter, now and again, one catches a glimpse of the Grampian snows.

Nearer lies the Bass, a deep rich purple, with its precipitous cliffs seamed with white, and by North Berwick Law the coast sweeps round into the golden curve of Belhaven Sands. From the May, the line of the horizon is unbroken, till the eye catches the bold headland of St. Abbs, where the Lammermoors run down into the sea.

At night the lighthouses wink to each other, the Bass with its six flashes, the May with its four, both to the north, while Barnsness and St. Abbs answer from the south-east.

Dunbar itself has many picturesque features. In spite of much modern building, the old houses and crooked irregular streets still hold

the sea-front, and from the east the town is a long line of red-tiled roofs, mingled with the cooler grey slate. The harbour point stretches away out into the blue, and the church tower marks the other limit of the town.

Red tiles, grey slates and soft crumbling stone, varying from deep red to pale pink, these are the materials of old Dunbar. This old part clusters round the harbour very little altered, for there are many old-fashioned houses and quaint streets hidden between the High Street and the sea. The town is proud of its spacious High Street, but, alas! it has been almost entirely rebuilt in the heterogeneous style, resulting from the combined effects of modern taste and modern competition. It still possesses, however, one building of distinction, the old Town House, the Town Clock as the natives call it, which gives an air to the whole street.

There is something very charming in the Dutch-like old steeple, with its clock face and sundials, and in the quiet and roomy old building attached to it, containing the council

chamber of the burgh. Year by year it renews its youth, and softens its angles in a coat of whitewash, which looks harsh and staring for a week or so, and then tones down, taking to itself all sorts of quiet colour.

This is the centre of the town. Here meets the Town Council, in which the fiery spirit of Dunbar still survives, and whose wordy warfare fills the local press, and occasionally even echoes in that of the metropolis. And from the steeple in the evening still rings the "eight o'clock bell," which in a simple age marked the end of the day, sending all quiet folks to their homes.

Robert Louis Stevenson's bitter complaint of the Edinburgh climate might also be well applied to Dunbar. The wind is rarely still. In the early months of the year, sometimes even till June, it blows steadily from the east, making a brilliant mockery of the bright spring sunshine.

Even in the height of summer it is never too warm ; and often on the hottest day a long white bar of cloud that hangs over the horizon will steal in, the blazing sun will suddenly be

obscured by hurrying wisps of dirty grey, and soon everything is shrouded in haar (fine mist), and the air strikes cold and chill.

There is, however, compensation in the glorious autumn weather, a fortnight's Indian summer, which now and again in October visits the town. There is just a nip of frost in the air; the leaves, still on the trees, are turning from gold to brown; the sunshine deepens to an amber hue that mellows everything; and the rich colouring of Dunbar turns fuller and richer still, ruby, amethyst and opal, and beyond, a pale turquoise sea.

Winter is wild and boisterous in Dunbar, and a storm is a magnificent sight. From the castle rocks one looks down on a waste of seething waters, too chaotic to fall in regular rollers, but terrible in its raging fury. The great rocks outside the harbour, standing fifty feet high, or more, appear and disappear as they are engulfed bodily in the heaving, seething mass, and the waves thundering against the harbour wall send sheets of white spray up into the air, while salt sea-foam whirls along the streets.

THE BASS ROCK

From a painting by

J. THORBURN ROSS, A.R.S.A.

The outer harbour point is unapproachable, no one can stand there; and a group of tough old salts crouch under the lee of the "battery" (the old isolation hospital), peering out into the smother of rain, wind, and spray.

The coast bears an evil reputation, and the list of disasters is a long one. But within the last few years the two danger-points, Barnsness to the east, and Scoughall Point to the west, have both been guarded; the one by Barnsness lighthouse, the other by that on the Bass, and now wrecks happily come less frequently. Still, the Dunbar lifeboat with its hardy crew rarely passes a winter without a call on its services; and in the little boathouse by the harbour hangs a record of lives snatched from the devouring sea, which holds an honourable place in the annals of industrial heroism. A second boat now is kept at Thorntonloch, four miles to the east, so that in the event of a call to that quarter, instead of a long pull against wind and weather, the crew, on the alarm, travel the four miles quickly by land. They have been known to turn out, drive to Thorn-

tonloch, launch their boat, and be afloat in less than an hour from the first call.

In the Castle Park are about a score of obsolete cannon; some, mounted on ancient carriages, still point dumbly to the sea, making a vain show of warlike readiness, others lie half-buried in the gravel. An order has just been issued that they are to be sold as old metal. For the militia are disbanded, who yearly had their six weeks' training in the old burgh, and so the last vestige of Dunbar's military glory fades away.

It was a different story when the old castle, its solitary stack of masonry now propped up precariously with wooden beams, stood firm and complete on its rocky promontory. Even to-day, the most cursory examination will render evident how strong the place must have been. Built on two precipitous rocks, it was almost surrounded by the sea. On the nearer rock, connected with the main building by a great wall of masonry through which ran a communicating passage, stood an octagonal keep, commanding the approach to the main building which covered the larger rock. Be-

tween the two on the seaward side, lies a little haven, where a boat could sail into the precincts of the castle itself. The walls, fifteen feet thick, could defy any mediæval artillery, and one realises that before the days of gunpowder such a place must have been well-nigh impregnable, as indeed it proved.

And so Dunbar Castle was the key to the rich fertile lands lying between Edinburgh and Berwick, its earls were second to none in wealth and power, and for centuries played a leading part in Scottish history.

It was in Dunbar Castle that Thomas the Rhymer foretold the tragedy which plunged Scotland into its fiercest struggle for national existence. Arriving there on the 11th March 1286, he was asked jestingly by the Earl if the morrow would produce any remarkable event.

"Alas for to-morrow, a day of calamity and misery," he replied, "before the twelfth hour shall be heard a blast which shall strike nations with amazement, shall humble what is proud, and what is fierce shall level with the ground."

Next day dawned fair, and hour after hour passed without a sign, when just on the hour of

noon a rider came galloping to the castle gate, his horse covered with foam. He bore the tidings of the death of Alexander III. at Kinghorn, a dire calamity indeed; for the King left no male heir, and well-nigh thirty years of war elapsed before the dynasty was again firmly established. Indeed, the Scottish throne lay at the mercy of Edward I.

Among the claimants, along with John Comyn, Robert Bruce, and John Baliol, was Patrick, Earl of Dunbar. But Edward preferred a more docile tool, and Baliol was the favoured candidate; bitterly chagrined as Patrick must have been, he acquiesced, and swore fealty to Edward.

When in 1296 the English King invaded Scotland, along with the Bruces and other Scottish noblemen the Earl of Dunbar gave him his support, though it seems as if he played a double game, for his Countess, who held Dunbar Castle, handed it over to the Scottish army. The Earl of Warren with 12,000 men was sent to besiege it, while a force of 40,000 men hastened over the Lammermoors to its relief.

About a mile and a half from Dunbar, by the village of Spot, runs a little stream, Spotburn or Broxburn it is called, winding about in a narrow glen which it has gradually hollowed out in the soft red soil. Oswaldean is the old name, now corrupted to Osiedean, a quiet spot of great natural beauty, where the whins and broom are yellow, and the blackthorn and hawthorn, in turn, cover the steep banks with snowy blossom.

Here on the 12th April 1296 the two armies met, the glen dividing them. It is whispered that there was treachery in the Scottish ranks. Be that as it may, they broke into disorder before the charge of the disciplined English troops, and were defeated with great slaughter—the flower of the Scottish nobility being taken or slain. Dunbar Castle surrendered next day.

In a field near Spot is a large standing stone which tradition asserts is the monument of some illustrious chieftain slain in this battle.

It was at this critical moment in his country's history that William Wallace appears, but then as now true patriotism and personal ambition clashed sharply together. Elected Warden by

the common people, Wallace was viewed with suspicion by the nobility, most of whom were adherents of Bruce, or the other claimants of the crown. The haughty Earl of Dunbar scoffed at his pretensions.

> "I am in this regioun to ryng,
> Lord of mine owne as evere prince or king;
> What will you mai, I warn you I am free,
> For your sumounds ye get na mair of me."

And indeed he hardly over-rated his power, for at that time, in addition to Dunbar, he held also Fast Castle, Colbrandspath (Cockburnspath) Tower, Hailes Castle, and Whittingham. The saying was that that Earl of Dunbar held the keys of Scotland at his girdle.

So in the years that followed, Wallace had to reckon with the Earl of Dunbar as well as King Edward. A bitter personal enmity seems to have entered largely into the struggle. The two factions met at Cockburnspath, where Wallace was victorious, and seized Dunbar Castle while the Earl fled to Durham for reinforcements. A second encounter took place at Spot where the two leaders engaged in single combat, and again the victory rested with the

Wallace troops. Throughout the struggle for Scottish independence, the Earl of Dunbar fought on the anti-popular side, and after the crowning victory of Bannockburn, when Edward II., fleeing to Berwick, was cut off at Dunbar by Sir James Douglas with 400 horsemen, Patrick the ninth Earl, true at least to his father's principles, gave him shelter in the castle, from which he escaped by sea. Next year, however, the Earl of Dunbar swore allegiance to the Scottish King.

Many times since its foundation has Dunbar Castle stood a siege, but one stands out from all the rest, the siege of 1337. It was a Homeric conflict. The English leaders were among the most famous captains of their day. Montague, Earl of Salisbury, commanded the English rear at Poitiers, and the Earl of Arundel was afterwards Constable at Crecy, while their army was composed of the victorious troops who had just defeated the Scots with great slaughter at Dupplin, in Perthshire.

But the castle had been newly rebuilt, and though its commander was away in the north, his gallant Countess, worthy daughter of the

great Randolph, Earl of Moray, held it undaunted. She had bitter cause to hate her foes in the loss of her brother at Dupplin, and endowed with a scornful and biting wit, she fought with her tongue as well as the sword.

When the engines of the besiegers hurled stones at the walls, the Countess sent a gaily dressed damsel who, leaning ostentatiously out of the window, wiped away the marks with a napkin, and when with infinite labour the "sow" was brought up under the walls—

> "Beware Montague,
> For farrow shall be thy soo,"

she cried, and a huge rock crashed from the battlements on the timber structure, crushing the men beneath it. Montague, too, had a wit of his own as grim as that of the Countess; when a knight fell at his side with an arrow driven through mail and chest, "This is one of my lady's pinnes," said he.

Foiled in the direct attack, the English tried next to bribe the guard at the gate. But while seemingly agreeing to the proposal, the worthy warden laid a counter-trap for Montague. The gate was left open at the ap-

pointed time and the English leader with one or two followers made a dash for it. Before Montague could enter, his squire, John Copeland, had stepped in before him. In a moment the ponderous portcullis was rung down, but they had caught the wrong bird.

"Adieu, Montague," shouted the Countess, who had watched the manœuvre from the window of the tower opposite. "I intended you should have supped with us and helped to beat off these English robbers."

Force and guile alike having failed, the besiegers drew the siege closer; two large Genoese galleys and a fleet of smaller vessels blockaded the castle by sea. One of these galleys was commanded by John Doria, whose name still survives in the grotesque little fish, "John Dory."

Soon the garrison began to feel the pinch of hunger, but help was at hand. Sir Alexander Ramsay, with forty men and a boat-load of provisions, sailed one dark night from the Bass, successfully slipped through the blockaders and landed in the little cove within the castle walls. Next day the defenders, strong

in their reinforcements, made a successful sortie, and, to crown the feat, that same night Ramsay and his gallant men slipped out again as they had come.

Beaten on every side, Salisbury and Arundel, after a six weeks' siege, retired discomfited.

A few years later, on the death of the Earl of Moray at Nevilles Cross, his sister fell heir to his estates, and the Earl of Dunbar became more powerful than ever.

But the great strength of the Scottish nobles gradually became a menace to the crown, and when James I. returned to Scotland after his captivity in England, he found himself king in little but name. An early pretext was seized for the arrest of the Earl of Dunbar and the forfeiture of his estates, and though he was afterwards released, the power of the family declined from that time, and by the beginning of the sixteenth century Dunbar Castle had passed into the hands of the royal house.

During the regency of the Duke of Albany it was garrisoned by French soldiers, and one wonders what the dour inhabitants thought

of the newcomers. I expect the foreigners with their dainty lovelocks and gay and frivolous airs were set down as "a licht-heided race."

One governor indeed met a cruel fate near Duns, where he was treacherously murdered by David Holme, one of the Dunbar family, and his luckless head was dangled as a trophy from his brutal slayer's saddle-bow.

With the reign of the ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots, Dunbar Castle enters on a new phase of its existence. After centuries of grim warfare it became a favourite residence of the Queen, and so exchanged an atmosphere of war for that of intrigue. The notorious Earl of Bothwell was made its keeper with the gift of lands in the district, and it is said that the powder for the murder of Darnley was taken from the magazine of Dunbar. On the 24th April he seized the Queen at Cramond Bridge and carried her, a willing captive, to Dunbar, and on 15th May, though his wife, Lady Jane Gordon, was still alive, he married her. The other Scottish nobles, however, could hardly brook so flagrant an

insult to the nation, and, levying troops, they prepared to lead them against Bothwell, who fled with Mary to Borthwick Castle. On the castle being surrounded he escaped to Dunbar, where the infatuated Queen followed him disguised as a page.

In such an atmosphere of degradation does the history of Dunbar Castle come to a close, for in that same year, 1567, an order was issued by Parliament for its destruction, a decree carried out with such thoroughness that now little remains of this stronghold of southern Scotland.

Although Dunbar Castle was no more, the ravages of war had not yet ceased to sweep the countryside. After a hundred years' peace an English army again invaded Scotland, when Cromwell, in 1650, crossed the border and advanced to Edinburgh. The Scottish army under the cautious Leslie held back carefully. Do what Cromwell would, there was Leslie posted strongly on the high ground to the south of him. He could not be dislodged and he would not be tempted to fight. The country round him was laid waste and Crom-

well fell back to Dunbar for supplies, Leslie stealthily following him as before. Here we may note how cruel war is; Dunbar was in a state of starvation and had to depend for bare subsistence on the charity of the English general.

The position was as follows. The tents of Cromwell's army stretched in a long line from Broxmouth to Belhaven. Behind him lay the town of Dunbar, while his provision ships lay in the offing. Menacing his retreat to the south, but secure from attack, Leslie's army lay on the slopes of Doon Hill.

Strangely similar the two armies were—on the one hand Cromwell and his Ironsides, stern God-fearing men, firmly convinced of the righteousness of their cause, going into battle with a psalm on their lips, on the other the dour Scottish Covenanters, even more strongly convinced that they and they alone were the chosen people. Among them were many ministers of the Church of Scotland, who had taken up the sword in this holy war. Like Gideon they had tried the troops, dismissing some four thousand

of the ungodly, and now they clamoured for the fray, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

The story goes that their importunity overcame the better judgment of Leslie. Be that as it may, the Scottish general on 2nd September began gradually moving his men down from the hill to the low ground directly between Cromwell and the south.

Cromwell immediately resolved to give battle. That same night he concentrated his forces to the left of his position, and early in the morning of the 3rd September his men surprised the Scottish pickets.

The brunt of the fray took place at the ford where now the main road crosses the little stream at Broxburn. A quiet and peaceful scene it is now, the stream winds between grassy banks, while the ring of the hammer comes clearly from the smithy close by. A little up the stream is Brands Mill, the mill now disused though once an important property, and just beyond the banks rise higher, forming the little glen of Oswaldean.

As in the former battle of Dunbar, the armies occupied opposite sides of the ravine, but on this occasion the real battle was fought at the ford. Here, at six in the morning, Cromwell's horse and foot dashed across, throwing the enemy's troops, but half prepared, into confusion. For nearly an hour the fight was desperate, then the Scottish position was driven in, and the battle turned to a rout. Three thousand slain and nine thousand captured was the amount of the Scottish losses.

At the time of the Napoleonic wars Dunbar prepared to renew her martial memories. The battery was erected on Lammer Island, as it was then called, and sixteen guns mounted there.

In 1803, barracks were built on the Heugh Head, where the new promenade now runs, and some 12,000 infantry and 300 artillery were stationed in the district. But with the danger the regiments passed away, though until their disbanding the other day the Artillery Militia still met at Dunbar for their yearly training, and the reports of the cannon

echoed around the castle rocks. But this last vestige of military life has disappeared, and Dunbar is now entirely civilian.

Yet the town of Dunbar can never have gained anything from the military events with which its name is associated. Time and again it was sacked and burnt. In 1544 the English army set fire to it in the early morning when folks were all in bed, and again it was burnt in 1548. So complete must have been the destruction then that Fynes Moryson, the entertaining English traveller, describes it as in ruins in 1598.

The town is an ancient royal burgh, receiving charter from David II. in 1368. In early times, before the harbours were built, but little protection could have been found in Lammer haven, as the natural harbour was called, and one can readily understand Belhaven, with its sands where flat-bottomed boats could be beached, being regarded as the port of Dunbar.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was one of the great rendezvous for the herring fishing, and to Cromwell, who seems

ABERLADY BAY

From a painting by

GEO. STRATON FERRIER, R.I.

to have been no bad friend to the town, was due the grant of £300 for the building of the old harbour wall. At various times the harbour was repaired and extended, until, in 1842, the new, or "Victorian" harbour, with ample water at all states of the tide, was built. Then Dunbar was still one of the chief seats of the herring fishing, and did a busy coasting trade besides, to say nothing of sending a few vessels to the Baltic and sometimes a whaler to Greenland. It had the industries too that belong to a shipping town, shipbuilding yards, rope and sail factories, and so on, but with its shipping these have also passed away. Even the fishing has dwindled to almost nothing. A few yawls go out for crabs, and there are still one or two large boats belonging to the town which go to the deep-sea herring fishing, but the days when Dunbar ranked next to Wick as a fishing town have gone.

Why this should be so it is difficult to say. Trawling has spoilt the fishing-grounds? Perhaps; but the same would hold good for the other towns which still send crowds of

boats to follow the herring all round the coast. Dunbar fishermen have not the capital that is now required to carry on the fishing, but where, then, do the other fishermen get it? I asked a Cellardyke fisherman the other day, and his explanation was as follows: "Well, sir, there were two places on the East Coast where the boats used to go out on the Sabbath day, one was Dunbar and the other Stonehaven, and the fishing has gone down in them both."

But be the cause what it may, Dunbar is now little but a seaside resort. Not the fashionable watering-place of the English coast with its trim sea-front and boarding-houses and hotels and shingly beach, but a fresh, homely, bracing place, where he who can stand the strong air and high winds will find health and strength and an enormous appetite.

CHAPTER III

NORTH BERWICK

It is a pleasant drive from Dunbar to North Berwick, a distance of some ten miles. The road runs though the quiet little village of Belhaven, once the port of Dunbar, for the flat-bottomed galliots from the Low Countries took more kindly to the sandy shore than to the rocky coast by the town.

The magnificent stretch of sand extending from Belhaven to the mouth of the Tyne, a distance of several miles, was used as a drilling ground by the Lothians and Berwickshire Yeomanry Cavalry, certainly an ideal place for the purpose. Along the shore run Hedderwick Links and racecourse, a fine stretch of the open sandy soil which grows the real golfing turf.

A few miles from Dunbar, we leave the main Edinburgh road, turn to the right, and,

crossing a bridge over the Tyne, the stream so beloved by Scottish artists, come to the little village of Tyninghame. Here for several miles the road runs through the famous Binning Woods. Even at this day we may note the ravages of the great storm of the 14th of October 1881. Great circular spaces have been swept bare as the whirlwind passed along, which, though now filling up with trees of younger growth, still form noticeable gaps in the groves of great trees.

A little farther on is Whitekirk with its beautiful old church, reminding one rather of St. Monans on the opposite shore, and a mile or two farther on we strike the shore again near Tantallon Castle.

A walk of a hundred yards down a muddy lane and through a farm-steading, takes you out on the patch of green sward, on the seaward margin of which stands the ancient stronghold of the Douglases.

Scott's lines in "Marmion" give a vivid picture of the castle in feudal days—

> "Tantallon's dizzy steep
> Hung o'er the margin of the deep.

Many a rude tower and rampart there
Repell'd the insult of the air,
Which, when the tempest vex'd the sky,
Half breeze, half spray, came whistling by.
Above the rest, a turret square
Did o'er its Gothic entrance bear,
Of sculpture rude, a stony shield ;
The Bloody Heart was in the Field,
And in the chief three mullets stood,
The cognizance of Douglas blood.
The turret held a narrow stair,
Which, mounted, gave you access where
A parapet's embattled row
Did seaward round the castle go.
Sometimes in dizzy steps descending,
Sometimes in narrow circuit bending,
Sometimes in platform broad extending,
Its varying circle did combine
Bulwark, and bartizan, and line,
And bastion, tower, and vantage-coign ;
Above the booming ocean leant
The far-projecting battlement ;
The billows burst, in ceaseless flow,
Upon the precipice below.
Where'er Tantallon faced the land,
Gate-works and walls were strongly mann'd ;
No need upon the sea-girt side ;
The steepy rock and frantic tide,
Approach of human steps denied ;
And thus these lines, and ramparts rude,
Were left in deepest solitude."

Now, alas, the drawbridge is gone, though the ditch it spanned may still be traced, and walls and towers have suffered much by the ravages of time. Still sufficient remains to let us see

how impregnable the place must once have been, and explains how even at so late a date as 1651 it held out for five months against Cromwell's troops. Compared with the utter destruction of Dunbar Castle, the ruins are comparatively complete, and the stout walls flanked by towers give a good idea of what the appearance of the former castle must have been, for Tantallon is Dunbar Castle in miniature.

Skirting Canty Bay the road now runs through open fields to North Berwick, the favourite holiday resort of Edinburgh people.

It is a curious combination of a quaint old-fashioned town and a modern watering-place. The old town nestles round the tiny harbour, which still contains a number of small boats, while away to the west stretches a new town of handsome villas. Smart Edinburgh shops have branches in the High Street, yet a few yards away you step into Quality Street, a quiet corner full of the atmosphere of the eighteenth century and containing some fine old specimens of Scottish architecture.

Out by the harbour runs a reef of the black

or rather purple basalt which one finds at Dunbar, forming a favourite fishing-ground for "poddlies," a fish most assiduously angled for but which no one cares to eat. Away to the west extends a series of fine sandy beaches.

North Berwick never has been a great fishing town, as Dunbar once was, or as Anstruther is to-day ; it cannot boast of a fleet of the great deep-sea herring boats, but a few light yawls in the harbour are busily engaged in the crab fishing.

The methods of the crab or lobster fishers are ingenious.

The "creels," as they are called, have a floor of stout boards on which is built a cage-like structure formed of wooden hoops covered with a mesh of stout cord. The only entrances are two funnel-shaped openings, one on each side, and about nine inches from the ground, running right into the centre of the creel. The creels are weighted with heavy stones, a piece of fish, not too fresh, is tied inside as a bait, and the whole is sunk to the bottom, a line with a float attached marking the position. When the crab enters the creel

he drops down on to the floor, and crawl round and round the side as he may, he never discovers the opening by which he came in.

In the evening you will see the boats put off to the fishing-ground with a stack of these creels on board, which are dropped overboard, to be taken up next morning. When the crabs are not sent off immediately, they are kept alive in boxes floating in the harbour, for a crab that was dead before being dispatched would be useless when it reached the market. In fact they should be boiled alive, terrible though it sounds to say it. They are packed lightly in barrels, graded according to their size, with plenty of wet tangle, a wisp of straw is placed on the top, and off the cask goes to the station.

The packers get very expert in handling these ticklish customers; one would think that they lifted them anyhow, but an attempt by the novice would end disastrously. Even as they lie in the barrels, the big crabs fight savagely; once a limb gets in the grip of the big nippers there is no hope for it, crush goes the shell, then with a click the wounded crab flicks off his use-

less claw, which breaks off at the root, and goes on with the combat. In due time a new claw will grow; and it is a common thing to find a crab with two claws of unequal sizes, the one being only half grown.

Most dear, alike to natives and visitors, is the golf course, one of the most exciting and sporting courses to be found anywhere, and a course which has produced many a famous golfer. To the spectator, however, the first tee is a disappointment. I stood for half an hour and watched couple after couple tee their balls and play a half iron shot. No doubt "dark lowers" the bunker overhead, just at about the distance for an ordinary drive, and the gap to the left is narrow and tricky, but it ought to put a self-respecting golfer off his game to start with a half shot.

The low-lying lands about the south side of the Firth must at one time have been the scene of some violent volcanic upheaval. Inland on the level plain the cone of North Berwick Law rises abruptly in the air, and on the sea a series of rocky islets crops up black and precipitous. Of these the largest and most imposing is the

Bass Rock, rearing its huge bulk a mile and a half from the shore. On three sides the precipice descends sheer into deep water, on the fourth, that nearest the shore, the slope is more gradual, affording in good weather a precarious landing-place.

To visit the Bass one must go to the little haven of Canty Bay about a mile and a half to the east of the town. Here lies a small steam launch, kept by the lessee of the rock, who has the sole right to land visitors upon it.

The little strip of tumbling water looks narrow enough from the land, but it seems to grow and expand when the little craft has fairly left the shore.

A very small sea too makes a lot of trouble for such a cockle shell, for the tide runs very strong in the narrows; and what the boatman calls merely "a bit jabble in the ebb" gives you all you can do to sit firm and tight.

So it was when I crossed. Outside the sea was calm like a sheet of lead, with gleams of silver, and a thunderstorm rolled in the distance behind North Berwick Law. But once in the

tide-way the launch was tossed and flung about like a cork.

As one approaches, the rock looms up more and more imposing, the great cliffs thronged with sea birds, which in the course of years have so whitened the rocks with their castings that they look in places like cliffs of chalk. Halfway up the trim lighthouse buildings crown the ruins of the old fortifications.

The landing is difficult in most weathers and impossible in bad. I was fortunate enough to be able to step without difficulty from the boat to the rock, but only a few days before, when an enthusiastic photographer landed, there was a rise and fall of nine feet, during which he had to watch his time and jump.

The first thing that strikes one on landing is the luxuriance of the vegetation. One expected nothing but bare rock, yet the whole island was smothered in white bladder wort and pink campion. At one time a few sheep used to be kept there, and Bass mutton was famed for its delicacy ; now only a few rabbits share the rock with the birds.

Once a strong castle stood on the Bass,

but in 1681 it was purchased by the Crown from Sir Andrew Ramsay, in whose family it had been for centuries. The castle was then converted into a state prison, and many of the old Covenanters were confined there during the seventeenth century.

The lighthouse now rises from the ruins of the old fortress, and the keepers still find relics of the former occupants; old coins dating as far back as Charles II., broken tobacco pipes, the head set at a very obtuse angle to the stem, and the bore hardly wider than that of a cigarette-holder.

The chief glory of the Bass is its birds. Naturalists come here from all parts of the world and receive a hearty welcome from the light-keepers, who are the most courteous guides in the world.

The king of the birds, of course, is the gannet or solan goose. Four years this noble bird takes to come to maturity, its plumage changing from dirty grey in youth, to pure white with a black band on the wing when full grown, the bird then measuring over six feet from tip to tip of the outstretched wings. It is a fascinat-

ing sight to watch them feeding on a clear day. High up in the air, they circle slowly, a flake of white against the blue sky, till suddenly the wings are closed and the bird darts down like an arrow into the water, raising a spout of spray, to reappear triumphantly in a second or two with a fish.

An exceedingly cruel method of catching the solan, which used to be valued as a food, was to place a piece of fish afloat on a board, the unfortunate bird diving down on to it with sufficient force to break its neck.

Besides the solans we have gulliemots, looking like little penguins, pretty little kittiwakes, solemn looking "Tommy Nories," and numberless gulls. If you have a good head nothing is more fascinating than to peer over the edge of the cliff and see the birds with their eggs and young thronging every ledge.

It is a curious thing that a passage has been tunnelled by the sea right under the rock, and the light-keepers say, that inside must lie a great boulder, which in stormy weather is dashed from side to side, the vibration of the strokes shaking the whole rock.

A similar passage extends right through the rocky islet of Fidra to the west of North Berwick, but in this case the opening forms a natural archway far above high-water level, giving you from the shore a glimpse of the blue sea beyond.

All the little islets, Fidra, Lamb, Craigleith, and the Bass, belong to the same volcanic formation, as also does North Berwick Law, a mile inland. This hill, rising in an almost perfect cone to the height of six hundred feet from the midst of a perfectly level plain, is quite unique, and forms a landmark for fifty miles round. It is a stiff pull to the top, but it is worth the climb for the magnificent view.

You look down on a flat fertile country cut up into green squares by the hedges. Just underneath nestles North Berwick, like a toy town with its harbour and tiny fishing boats seeming lost in the vast expanse of sea. To the east lie Tantallon and the Bass, and nearer, one or two red-tiled farms, while more to the south lies the dark mass of Binning Woods, and the rocky promontory of Dunbar juts into the sea, the church tower showing faintly above,

against the background of hills ; and away in the distance the long line of St. Abbs.

To the west one can trace the whole line of the Firth on either shore, right up to the smoke and shipping of Leith and the bold crag of Edinburgh Castle, while on the Fife shore each little red town glows and sparkles in the sunshine.

Out by the golf links a pleasant walk leads to Dirleton, which bears the reputation of being the prettiest village in Scotland. But lovers of the picturesque will find little to please them in the open village green and trim houses round. It has neither the warmth and gaiety of the typical English village with its quaint, old-timbered houses and little church nestling among the trees, nor has it the wilder charm of the straggling red-tiled Scottish hamlet. Its redeeming feature is the fine old white-washed inn which stands at one end of the green. Dirleton Castle, built in the thirteenth century and passing through various vicissitudes until it was destroyed by General Monk in 1650, is now a picturesque ivy-covered ruin, and is surrounded by beautifully kept and well-wooded grounds.

A few miles beyond Dirleton lies the little village of Gullane, twenty years ago a sleepy little place, now a favourite haunt of golfers, and rapidly growing into a small town as villa after villa dots the green sward.

FISH SALE, COCKENZIE

From a painting by

MARSHALL BROWN, A.R.S.A.

CHAPTER IV

EDINBURGH

The centre of our Pageant of the Forth is, of course, Edinburgh. Never was city so much written about, yet never was city so fresh and full of perennial charm.

But though every tourist falls under its spell, you must have lived in Edinburgh to love it truly, and then you must go away from it for a while to appreciate its beauty to the full.

The grey precipices of the old town, with their fluttering rags of washing hung out like gay bunting, the stately streets of the new, with sudden glimpses of the blue Forth and the Fifeshire hills, and midway between old and new, the green valley of Princes Street Gardens, and the huge purple bulk of the Castle rock, with its deep blue shadows; all these things strike you afresh when you return

after a long absence. Their familiarity endears them, but you have now acquired sufficient of the eye of the stranger to realise their unique character.

There is something peculiarly fascinating in the colour of Edinburgh. A grey city, we say, but that does not describe it. London is grey too, and the London grey with its sooty blacks and chalky whites lends itself to many beautiful effects, but the Edinburgh grey is something richer and more varied. It covers a variety of tints, from rich purples and cool blues to soft browns and yellows. And this play of delicate colour adds a serener dignity to the classic precincts of the new town and a quaint homeliness to the picturesque corners of the old.

Edinburgh is many-sided, some of its associations reaching far back into the past, others but of yesterday, yet a great part of its charm is the birthright of the city, due to no sacred association or hallowed memory, renewing itself each year as the seasons come round.

One might say that there are, roughly speaking, three different Edinburghs. First, the ancient Edinburgh, of which the Castle is at

one end, and Holyrood at the other, and whose precincts extend over the historic mile between the two; an irregular, picturesque, old Edinburgh with steep narrow streets and high lands, and closes where the air cuts icy cold even in August. Then there is the New Town, the elegant Edinburgh of the eighteenth century, laid out in classic style, redolent of the days when Edinburgh was the Athens of the North. And lastly we have the Edinburgh of to-day—"an east-windy west-endy" place—stretching in rather a medley of villas and streets of huge tenement houses away south of the Meadows, without the picturesqueness of the first or the elegance of the second, but still clean, fresh, and airy.

Of all those who have lived in Edinburgh, three there are who stamped their personality so upon the place that they seem to have become one with its fabric. The first is the young queen who, as a widow of eighteen, set foot in Edinburgh in 1561. Dowager of France, Queen of Scotland, Heiress of England, were her proud titles. For six short years she dazzled her kingdom, flaming like a meteor in

the northern sky, her brilliance, alas, to be as suddenly quenched. It is round Holyrood that her spirit chiefly lingers, and the legend of her matchless beauty and undying charm haunts like a sweet perfume those dark old rooms.

The second figure is that of the Wizard of the North, whose magic pen has illuminated so many dusky corners of the old city, and who himself was king of its brilliant society a hundred years ago. A jovial, big-hearted, big-boned man, mingling an essential virility with a genial warmth of feeling and a broad humanity; as remote from the narrowness of the Puritan and the Covenanter as from the mysticism of the Celt; a lowland Scot of the type which finds its most congenial home near the borders; honest, strong, and hearty, and full of pawky humour.

The third belongs to our own time, not a towering figure like Sir Walter Scott, but "slight unspeakably," a delicate plant for such rude soil, but with a thread of steel running through his delicacy. It is truly marvellous that Robert Louis Stevenson, in his short life

of forty-four years, so much of which was passed in exile, should stamp his image and his spirit anew on those old stones already teeming with associations. And not on the stones merely ; Stevenson's spirit is in the air, his phrases cling to the climate and the weather of Edinburgh. We cannot speak of them but his words spring to our lips.

The centre of old Edinburgh, of course, is the Castle. Before the ground was levelled in the eighteenth century, what is now the Esplanade was of rough rock, and the Castle, really isolated from the town, looked down threateningly upon it.

Crossing the moat you were in a stronghold, which, even so late as the sixteenth century, held out against the town of Edinburgh for three years, and then was only taken after a week's bombardment.

In earlier days it must have been impregnable—in fact, it was only by a surprise like Randolph Murray's daring feat of arms in 1296 that a successful attack was possible.

Now in these peaceful days the Castle still maintains its warlike aspect—a regiment of

infantry, usually a Highland regiment, is quartered there, and many a time General Wauchope—he was Colonel Wauchope then —led the Black Watch swinging up the Mound to the music of pipes and drums; and there is no finer sight of the kind than the Highlanders drilling on the Castle Esplanade.

When the youthful Scot pays his first visit to the capital, perhaps his most vivid memory is of Mons Meg, the ponderous old cannon, which looks dumbly out over Princes Street. At least that was my experience, for my father slipped me inside the monster, a frivolity which I see is now forbidden by the regulations. In its day it must have been a Colossus, and even now it makes any field-gun look small. It saw service too at the sieges of Dumbarton in 1489 and Norham in 1497, and was nigh two hundred years old when it burst on being fired in honour of the Duke of York's visit to Edinburgh in 1682.

St. Margaret's Chapel, that tiny piece of old Norman work, smaller even than the chapel in the Tower, the great Banqueting Hall, the Crown Room with the Scottish Regalia, all

these deserve the attention of the visitor, but, idly looking over the parapet, gazing out on the magnificent view, I came on something of a more homely and intimate character. It was a little patch of green grass, some twenty feet square, just on the brow of the crag, carefully walled in, with a little gate and a gravelled walk. A cemetery for soldiers' dogs! It was full of flowers, and the path was trim and well kept, and round were ranged a row of little stones, each one commemorating some regimental pet. Some of the inscriptions were roughly cut by the hand of the amateur, and one especially lingers in the memory. Over the grave where two dogs were buried were the words, "Let sleeping dogs lie," a touching and unexpected application of the old proverb, lifting it at once to the realms of poetry.

From the Castle the road runs down the royal historic mile to Holyrood. Where Allan Ramsay's house stood on Castle Hill, is now University Hall, a students' settlement formed by Professor Patrick Geddes. Here the Celtic revival of recent years found one of its chief centres, and in connection with the movement

were published by "Patrick Geddes and colleagues" the early works of Fiona Macleod.

The Lawn Market, once covered with stalls and booths for the sale of cloth, now open and unobstructed but still picturesque, has round it many interesting nooks and corners awaiting inspection. Mylne's Court, Lady Stair's Close, Riddell's Close, with Bailie Macmorran's house, and many others, once the abode of the fashionable world.

The High Street between George IV. Bridge and the Tron Church has suffered greatly from various widenings and other improvements. St. Giles itself is but the ghost of what it was, only the beautiful crown spire being left of the original exterior.

The Luckenbooths and the Old Tolbooth are gone, a stone in the pavement being left to mark the site of the Heart of Midlothian; and all down the street the famous closes, once peopled by the nobility and gentry, are the homes of the poorest of the poor. One could spend days wandering out and in among those closes, recalling their histories and the famous men connected with them.

EDINBURGH FROM BONNINGTON

From a painting by
SAM BOUGH, R.S.A.

John Knox's house, a fine old relic of pre-Reformation architecture, built not later than 1486, still projects into the High Street, rather too obviously renewing its youth, with neat red tiles, and a new coat of harling.

But, though the High Street has suffered sadly from the hands of the restorer, the Canongate has so far escaped marvellously. To walk down there to-day is to go back several hundred years, and if you meet the guard marching up from Holyrood, the illusion is the more complete.

The Netherbow Port, of course, is gone, which with its archway cut off the burgh of the Canongate from Edinburgh, but the old Canongate Tolbooth still stands, Moray House, and Huntly House; and hidden away down a close on the opposite side of the street the "White Horse Inn," quaintest of old hostelries. But there are sinister signs about; one grand old house of the sixteenth century bears a placard, "To let, for works or stores, altered to suit tenants." Underneath was a little "Song and Ballad" store, long since closed. Holyrood Palace is newer than most of these

old buildings, having been rebuilt in 1672 by Sir William Bruce.

One corner indeed—sacred to the memory of Mary Queen of Scots—remains, the north-west tower, which is the sole relic of the palace begun by James IV. and finished by his son. Here the public may walk through the two suites of panelled rooms, the scenes of the brief glamour which surrounded her marriage, those of Darnley below, those of the young Queen above, connected by a private stair. Here is the audience chamber where the gallant and imperious spirit of the young girl clashed with the iron will of the grim John Knox; here the tiny supper-room from which the puppet Rizzio was dragged ignominiously to his death.

Never was there more truly a child of misfortune than Mary. Gifted with intellect, of regal beauty and winning charm, she was reared in the bright land of France, in an atmosphere of gaiety and gallantry. Brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, she came to a land bigotedly Protestant, through which the Reformation had just passed like a destroy-

ing flood. Tolerant she might be, but her subjects could not. "I am none of these that will change my religion every year," she said proudly. "I mean to constrain none of my subjects, and I trust they should have no support to constrain me." But she little knew the bitter Scottish covenanting spirit. "One masse," said John Knox, "was more fearful to him than gif ten thousand armed enemies were landed of purpose to suppress the hoill religion."

In the bloom of youth she hunted and hawked, and occupied herself with what gaieties the court could provide. She scandalised the godly by her splendid attire, "the stynckeu pryde of women," according to Knox, but the common folk, with a kindliness that their betters lacked, cried, "God save you, sweet face!"

Alas! in 1565 comes the marriage with Darnley, after which calamity follows calamity. Had she found wedded happiness and a strong man as her mate, Mary might have ruled her country well, loaded though the dice were by religious differences; as it was she found neither.

In the turmoil which followed, James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, emerges as a strong, though reckless man, and, after the murder of Rizzio, it is he who extricates the Queen from the hands of her enemies. But her association with Bothwell is her ruin, and on the 24th of July 1567 the brief reign of Mary Queen of Scots comes to a close, and the Palace of Holyrood knows her no more.

In those early days Scotland lagged far behind her southern neighbours in wealth and the accompaniments which it brings in its train. Miserably poor, plundered and raided by the Highlanders on the north and the Borderers on the south, despite the dignity of the ancient capital and the thriving seaport towns of the Firth and the East Coast, Scotland seemed to be in a backwater, out of the main current of civilisation. But with the eighteenth century the tide begins to turn, and soon Scotland rose to the important place which it has since held in the history of progress.

Edinburgh a hundred years ago was in the midst of the most brilliant period of its history. The days when Holyrood was the scene of the

pageantry of a royal court, renewed for a few brief hours by the passing visit of Prince Charlie, had indeed passed away. These glories were but memories of a half-forgotten past, but now for close on fifty years Edinburgh had another court, truly regal in its nature, a court of intellect, culture, and refinement. This was the Edinburgh which the Ayrshire poet visited in the zenith of his short career —dominating even that brilliant society, of which, a few years later, Sir Walter Scott became the central figure.

With the union of the Crowns of England and Scotland and the removal of the old Scottish Parliament, the city had lost some of its most characteristic features as the ancient capital, but it still retained its old individuality, and with the growth of national prosperity came a great awakening of civic life.

To reach London was then still a long and arduous journey, and England was, to all intents and purposes, a foreign land. And this very isolation was in itself an advantage. London nowadays draws to itself, as by an irresistible magnetism, all that is best in the

art and intellect of the three kingdoms, but in those days Scotland was still a kingdom by itself and Edinburgh, still its capital, the centre of its wealth, culture, and intellect.

By the end of the eighteenth century there had been, for more than a hundred years, a steady increase in the wellbeing of the nation. Two events, the formation of the Scottish banks, and the establishment of free trade between England and Scotland, placed capital at the disposal of manufacturers, and gave them a ready market for their goods, and enlightened methods of agriculture developed more fully the resources of the countryside. Even the Jacobite risings of 1715 and 1745, in spite of much bitterness, brought a blessing in their train, with the opening up of the Highlands, which followed the making of the great military roads. Scotland was slowly changing from the position of a poor country to that of one at least moderately wealthy.

Then came the great flitting. It was more than a century before that James II. had proposed the plan of a new Edinburgh, built on the other side of the Nor' Loch and con-

nected with the old town by a bridge, but, apart from other causes, the means had been lacking.

But now, so decided was the change of conditions, that the dawn of the new epoch was marked by the building of the new city. The nobility and gentry, forsaking the picturesque buildings lining the High Street, crossed over to the stately squares and wide, straight streets, laid out so admirably in the New Town. How differently those streets are built from the erections of the modern speculative builder! Not only does a dignified uniformity of taste characterise the whole, but a street or square is built to a definite plan. To see this classic architecture at its best, one need only walk round Charlotte Square. Each side designed in one complete façade, one of the most perfect architectural monuments in the city.

In this renewed vitality of the race, famous men appeared, not singly but in groups. Just as Dr. Johnson was the centre of a brilliant literary coterie in London, so was Scott in the northern metropolis. And the parallel

does not end there. In Sir Joshua Reynolds, Johnson's circle found a master artist, who has delineated for us the features of that brilliant group. Johnson himself, Goldsmith, Boswell, Garrick, and how many more. So in the north, Edinburgh at that time produced her first great painter, Sir Henry Raeburn. With the one exception of Burns, there are few of Scotland's famous men who did not sit to him during his forty years' work in Edinburgh, for excepting a two years' residence in Rome, and two brief visits to London, he stuck to his native city.

And now those portraits form an unrivalled gallery of great Scotsmen. Scott is there, thoughtful, but his face a little heavy and dull in repose; I expect his was one of those faces that suddenly kindle with animation, recording in a minute a hundred passing shades of expression, sinking into immobility again when the momentary activity is past. In the National Gallery is a fine series. The painter's portrait of himself—a big, burly Scot with a shrewd, sensible face, and a piercing eye, not a poet or a visionary, but a keen observer of

EDINBURGH FROM CRAIGLEITH

From a painting by

JAMES PATERSON, R.S.A.

men. Here we have old Dr. Adam of the High School, most benevolent looking of men, that marvellous *tour-de-force*, Lord Newton, in his crimson robe, and, more consummate still in its quieter way, the beautiful head of John Wauchope, W.S., while in Parliament Hall hangs the famous Lord Braxfield, with his rosy, humorous face, and many other legal luminaries. Strange to say, Raeburn, who painted men with such unerring sureness of touch, was at his weakest in the delineation of women—that is, of young women; where he was painting an old woman, he rivalled Rembrandt. But his young ladies, even the fine "Mrs. Scott Moncrieff," beautiful though it be, are strangely lacking in character. The poetic and sympathetic temperament which made Gainsborough and Romney unapproachable in their female portraits was denied him. And strangely enough one might make the same criticism of two other Scotsmen, Sir Walter himself and Robert Louis Stevenson. All three are weak in the portrayal of young women. Scott's are but dolls, Stevenson's often merely boys dressed as girls, but all

three in the treatment of old women are superb.

It seems, as we look at these portraits of Raeburn's, as if both men and women were more vigorous and robust in those times, that we have fallen on degenerate days and compare but meanly with our ancestors. Yet still the old city has its place in the modern world. Its medical school, thanks to a group of outstanding men, has earned a world-wide reputation, and draws students from all parts. Quartered all over the town, they bring an influx of freshness and youth to the quiet streets; the district round the Meadows is peculiarly their own, and, in vacation, seems strangely deserted and quiet.

But Edinburgh still lifts her head proudly as of yore, even the widening ring of modern suburbs which surrounds her takes little away from her regal beauty. Princes Street with its motley architecture, a conglomeration of all the styles under heaven, is still the most imposing street in Europe, and that by dint of sheer natural beauty. It was indeed a happy thought that changed the old Nor' Loch into

the fresh green gardens, beyond which tower the Castle rock, and the cliff-like houses of the old town. In the gardens stands the beautiful Gothic spire erected to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, a spire, alas, without a pedestal and rising abruptly from the ground, for the original design was never completed.

One night, some years ago, the large premises directly opposite, occupied by Messrs. Jenner, caught fire, and a huge crowd assembled in Princes Street to see the sight. So dense was the mass of people that in places the railings of the gardens gave way under the pressure. Thinking to secure a position of vantage, a couple of louts clambered up on to the shoulders of the statue of Scott, which stands under the monument. For a moment they were unnoticed, then the crowd caught sight of them, and in an instant there arose such a howl of indignation that had not the sacrilegious pair slipped down hurriedly and made off, there is little doubt they would have been handled roughly.

A little way out into the country, and "Auld Reekie" takes on the romantic aspect she

always has worn. We can still see the city like David Balfour, from the high ground to the south, "on a long ridge and smoking like a kiln," and by Corstorphine Hill there is still a seat for us at "Rest and be thankful."

Farther out still, under the grey scarred Pentlands, is the little hamlet of Swanston, and, nestling in a grove of trees, the cottage where Stevenson lived when a boy and which he has immortalised in "St. Ives." There you may still speak with men and women who knew him then. "A nice lad Louis," they say, and show you the tree where he has cut his name.

But my favourite walk in Edinburgh, especially of an evening, was round the rough path which runs just under Salisbury Crags. All the city lies stretched at your feet. As the night falls the noise of traffic dies down and a thousand little sounds become strangely audible. A baby crying, children at play in the slums below, the clear tinkle of tramcar bells. Soon the lights twinkle out one by one amid the blue haze, till the plan of the city is mapped out by street lamps. The

CURLING ON DUDDINGSTON

From a painting by
JAMES LEES, R.S.A.

hour strikes; first one church clock after another taking it up, all round the pealing bells, some near, some faint and far away. The quiet of night settles down, and we stumble down the rocky path in the dark.

CHAPTER V

LEITH

I SUPPOSE there never was a time when the relations between Leith and Edinburgh were not more or less strained.

In the beginning, no doubt, Leith merely existed as the port of Edinburgh, and in return, as James Campbell Irons says, "How to extract money from Leith has been the chief interest of Edinburgh from its earliest connection with that town." As early as 1329, in a charter of Robert the Bruce, Edinburgh obtained a grant of the port and mills of Leith, and for hundreds of years the seaport was only a wretched vassal of the capital.

Very vexatious the arbitrary regulations imposed upon it must have been to the merchants of Leith. In 1547 cargoes landed at Leith had to be taken to Edinburgh and sold there,

and in 1552 a further edict demanded that all goods should be carried to Edinburgh and weighed at the Tron. Disobedience of these laws involved forfeiture of the goods as well as other penalties.

Again, few towns were ever so battered and besieged and burned with so little provocation as Leith. It never courted a warlike struggle and never gained an advantage from one, and yet its close proximity to Edinburgh, especially when the invading force came by sea, rendered these catastrophes impossible to avoid.

Three times in the sixteenth century the town was burnt to the ground. In 1522 by William Fitz-William, and in 1544 and again in 1547 by the Earl of Hereford.

It is marvellous that in spite of such disadvantages, the trade of Leith steadily grew. In the seventeenth century Leith possessed a fleet of some twenty-nine ships, and after the union with England its prosperity increased by leaps and bounds. But it is not to be wondered at that a hereditary jealousy and suspicion of the capital still survives, and when the

Edinburgh Town Council, some fifteen years ago, presented a Bill to Parliament seeking to include Leith within their boundaries, the proposal was opposed tooth and nail by the population of Leith, and eventually fell through.

By the middle of the eighteenth century Leith's trade had grown greatly. In 1740 she possessed forty-seven vessels of a tonnage of 2628 tons, and in 1752 sixty-eight vessels of 6935 tons. Woollen goods, druggets, stuffs, linen, corn were exported, and their imports consisted of fine linens and woollens, wood, to say nothing of wine and spirits from France and the Low Countries. Tea sold in 1705 at thirty-five shillings a pound for Bohea, and sixteen shillings a pound for green tea. A tale of the middle of the eighteenth century throws an interesting light on the customs and how they were collected in those days.

In 1752 Captain (afterwards Sir Hugh) Palliser, lying at Leith with his ship the *Sea Horse*, impressed an apprentice from a Scottish trading vessel. But impressment was not then what it was fifty years later, and a notice to deliver up the sailor was served on Captain

ON PORTOBELLO SANDS

From a painting by
ANNA DIXON.

Anna Dixon
1905

Palliser, but was treated by him with gross contempt though presented with due formality by the messenger-at-arms of the Scottish Court.

Accordingly, a few days after, when the Captain was on a visit to Edinburgh, he was arrested and lodged in the Tolbooth. All the intercessions of his powerful friends were of no avail. Lord Chancellor Hardwicke said that the Scottish Admiralty Judge "was a bold one," but that he was quite right, so the stubborn captain was detained for six weeks till he swallowed his pride and gave orders for the sailor's release.

But now comes Captain Palliser's revenge. Claret was drunk in Edinburgh in great quantities, but, curiously enough, very little of it paid any duty. The Captain threatened to make representation to headquarters unless the duty were properly enforced, and so no more duty-free claret was drunk by the Edinburgh lawyers.

Nowadays Leith is the fifth town in Scotland, and the second seaport. It possesses large docks and shipbuilding yards, large flour

mills, sugar refineries, distilleries, engineering works, and a hundred other industries.

In the old days the Leith and London smacks did a brisk passenger trade. In the beginning of the nineteenth century the smacks were changed for schooners, and they were soon followed by Aberdeen clippers, the noblest of sailing vessels. But the coming of steam cut short their career, and now a number of busy lines ply from Leith to London, Leith to Rotterdam, Leith to Hamburg, and so on.

Leith served Edinburgh in sport as well as in trade, for at one time Leith Links was the chief metropolitan course. Here Charles I. was playing golf when the news came of the Irish rebellion, and later, his son, the Duke of York (afterwards) James II., played with Patterson the Edinburgh cobbler against two English noblemen. At a later date it was the course of the Hon. Company of Edinburgh Golfers, which claims to be the oldest golf club in existence. But now, as in the case of Bruntsfield Links, the increase of building and the growth of traffic over the course has considerably hampered its use.

Though the buildings are continuous now down Leith Walk, yet the journey to Leith is still fraught with difficulties, for the electric cars of Leith will have nothing to do with the absurd cable trams of Edinburgh, and so you must get out and change cars at Pilrig.

From the Register House a tram-run of some four miles brings us to Portobello and Joppa. A hundred and fifty years ago a solitary house stood there, built by an old sailor and named after the port in the Spanish Main; now the sailor's house has given its name to the populous town which has grown up round it, something between a suburb of Edinburgh and a second-rate watering-place.

At Joppa, the better-class end of Portobello, we change cars again for a long run of some eight miles along the shore. Fisherrow first attracts us, a quaint little fishing-place with its tiny harbour, still little changed, though surrounded by modern streets. There, before the days of railways, the fishermen had special advantages owing to their proximity to the Edinburgh market, and often when their own

catch was insufficient would buy at the Fife-shire ports to resell at home.

It was in the adjoining town of Musselburgh that fishing nets were first made by machinery, an industry still carried on in the burgh by the original firm. Towards the end of the eighteenth century James Paterson, a cooper, lived there, and occupied his leisure trying to invent a machine which would obviate the laborious toil of the hand-made nets, each one of which took five weeks to make.

The war with France broke out, however, and Paterson enlisted, and served through the Peninsular campaign and again at Waterloo. But through marches and counter-marches, on the arid Spanish plains, and in the fields of the Low Countries, his thoughts still turned to the old problem how to make nets by machinery.

The war over, he came back to Musselburgh and resumed his hobby, for so it had become. With the help of an ingenious mechanic, after countless failures, at last a model was ready for trial. It was started, and for a minute or two all went well, then the mechanism stopped

OLD PORT OF LEITH

From a painting by
J. W. EWBANK.

and nothing would induce it to start again. Disgusted and dispirited, Paterson flung the key of the workshop to his assistant, told him he might "mak' a kirk or a mill o' it," and went home to bed. But the latter thought he would have one more try. Getting hold of a neighbouring smith, he got him to examine the mechanism, and though puzzled by the unfamiliar structure and ignorant of its use, the smith found a loose bolt. This was tightened, and soon the machine was running smoothly, turning out a net at a speed that left the hand-worker far behind. Paterson at first refused to believe the report which his jubilant workman hastened to bring him, and would hardly get out of bed to come and see for himself, but there was no doubt about it, the work of his lifetime had at last borne fruit.

The invention was patented, and a net factory established in 1820, but it was a long time before the conservative fishermen would buy the machine-made nets which have now completely superseded the home-made article.

A little farther on lie Musselburgh Links, an old historic golf course, only second to St.

Andrews in the annals of the game, and still a sporting course, though only of nine holes.

The car line now runs through very unattractive country, past the dirty brick and tile works of Preston Grange, through the dingy town of Prestonpans, where, half a mile inland, was the scene of Prince Charlie's dashing victory, on to the red-tiled fishing village of Cockenzie and the terminus at Port Seton.

A little to the west of Leith Docks is Newhaven, founded by James IV. in 1509 as a port for shipbuilding. There, in 1511, was built "ane verie monstrous great ship called the *Michael*." This vessel seems to have been a gigantic undertaking for the times in which it was built. Lindsay of Pitscottie gives the following account of its building, which is worth quoting in full if only for the light it throws on the armament of these old vessels:—

"The Scottish King bigged a great ship called the *Great Michael* which was the greatest ship and of most strength that ever sailed in England or France, for this ship was of so great stature and took so much timber that, except Fackland, she wasted all the woods

in Fife, bye all timber that was gotten out of Norway: she was so strong and of so great length and breadth—(all wrights of Scotland, yea, and many strangers were at her device by the King's commandment; who wrought very busily in her, but it was a year and a day ere she was complete)—to wit she was twelve score feet of length and thirty-six foot within the sides; she was ten foot thick in the wall, outted jests of oak in her wall and boards on every side so stark and so thick that no cannon could go through her. This great ship cumbered Scotland to get her to the sea. From that time she was afloat and her masts and sails complete, she was counted to the King to be £30,000 of expenses, with tows and anchors effeiring thereto:—bye her artillery which was very great and costly to the King. She bore many cannons, six on every side, with three great bassils, two behind on her deck, and one before, with three hundred shot of small artillery—that is to say mijand, and battered falcon, and quarter falcon, slings, pestilent serpents, and double dogs, with baytor and culvering, cors bows and hand bows; she

had three hundred mariners to sail her; she had six score gunners to use her artillery, and had one thousand men of warre bye her captains, skippers, and quarter-masters. When the ship passed the sea and was lying in the road of Leith, the King gart shoot a cannon at her to assay her if she was wight; but I heard say it deared her nocht, and did little skaith."

Sir Andrew Wood was her first captain, but it seems that the *Great Michael* was never a success. In all probability she was too heavy and cumbersome, and shortly afterwards she was sold to France.

Newhaven is now chiefly celebrated for two things—her fishwives and her fish suppers.

The latter you obtain at the Peacock, the little hotel on the beach, where, for a shilling or so, you have a meal consisting of numberless courses. At the close you marvel at the infinite variety of the finny tribes.

The first you will see any morning in the streetsof Edinburgh. Great, stalwart, well-set-up women, stooping slightly forward, owing to the continual carrying of the heavy creel by

SOUTH QUEENSFERRY

From a painting by

GEO. STRATON FERRIER, R.I

a strap across the forehead. They still wear the time-honoured costume, which makes them so picturesque a sight. A clean white mutch, a stout navy blue bodice and skirt, the last kilted up and showing a striped blue-and-white petticoat, black stockings and buckled shoes. A shawl is worn crossed over the bodice; the sleeves are rolled up to the elbow, and over the shoulders is thrown a stout blue cloak, to save the costume from drippings from the creels carried on the back, a great deep one with a shallower one on top. That is the work-aday costume. On holidays the shawl is of silk, the petticoats of gay colours, striped yellow or red, the stockings are white, and a silken handkerchief is thrown over the head. It is a pity that so few of these fine traditional costumes, which add so much brightness and colour to our dull modern fashions, should survive.

A little farther to the west is Granton with its capacious harbour, the southern terminus of the ferry to Burntisland. Here are the headquarters of the trawlers which sail from the Forth. As I have fully described else-

where the drift net and line fishings, a word as to the methods of the trawler may be of interest. The trawl is a triangular flat bag of netting. The mouth is from two to four feet high, and from twenty to thirty feet wide, and the length of the bag from forty to a hundred feet. A suitable trawling-ground with sandy bottom having been selected, the trawl is dropped, the iron bar on the underside of the mouth stirring up the sand as the trawl is dragged along. It will be seen that only bottom fish, soles, turbot, halibut and so on, that burrow in the sand, or haddock and cod that swim a foot or two above it, are caught by the trawl. A great quantity of rubbish is also collected, and the quality of the fish, owing doubtless to the rough usage they undergo, is never so good as in the line-caught fish. Still the great proportion of white fish landed in Britain are trawled.

A pleasant walk along the shore, across the Almond by Cramond ferry, and through the beautiful grounds of Dalmeny, leads us to South Queensferry. Here, nestling almost under the piers of "that monster of utility,"

THE FORTH FROM LINLITHGOW HILL

From a painting by

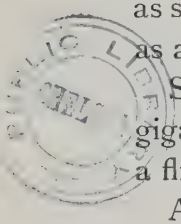
GEO. STRATON FERRIER, R.I.

the Forth Bridge (to use Lord Rosebery's phrase), lies the Hawes Inn, doubly enshrined in the pages of Stevenson and Scott, and a little farther on the little town spreads its straggling and picturesque streets round the bay. Overhead the trains pass with a hollow reverberation all day long.

It is a strange thing that so wonderful a monument of engineering skill as the Forth Bridge should be so unsightly. One would have thought that the laws of construction having been obeyed, and the whole made strong, firm, and flexible, a certain elegance and grace would inevitably have resulted. Certainly, had the building been of wood or stone and rightly constructed, no matter how plain the design, the result would have been pleasing to the eye.

It is a different thing when one builds with iron or steel. The fact is that iron is not a natural product as wood or stone is, and it does not behave in a natural way. In the course of centuries we have got to know wood and stone. We can gauge their strength merely with our eye, for they look their

strength ; a strong wooden beam is massive as the trunk of a tree, a stone wall looks solid as a rock. But with iron you have a slim bar, as strong as the beam ; though it looks as frail as a rope.



So this great bridge spans the water like a gigantic spider's web—it looks little more than a flimsy scaffolding.

Another thing, when the old builders reared an important work, they felt that its dignity and grandeur demanded that they should enrich it by all the means in their power. In the old stone bridges the arches were things of grace and beauty, the stonework of parapet and tower was designed to please the eye and executed lovingly, and panels of carving adorned exit and entrance. But in this modern work, we have the engineer apart from the architect, a divorce which is something new in the world's history left for modern civilisation to produce. He does not care how his work looks. True, he is working in a less sympathetic material, but iron can be cast in any shape, and some of the finest works of sculpture have been exe-

cuted in bronze. But, throughout, the most callous indifference is displayed to all æsthetic feeling. The curves are not things of beauty, the towering supports between the spans, which might have formed graceful and soaring spires, are cut off bluntly on top the moment their utilitarian purpose is achieved. Judicious painting even would have rendered the result less bald, the use of gilt here and there might have made it glorious; but no, a coat of red lead suffices to preserve the steel plates from rust, it is the cheapest possible, so a staff of workmen year in and year out renew the coat of red lead. Perhaps, in the future, some modern engineer who is also an artist will design a bridge that is beautiful as well as strong; but not until he gives us something more than we have in the Forth Bridge.

Along the shore the road leads past Hopetoun House, the magnificent mansion built in 1690 for the Earl of Hopetoun by Sir William Bruce, the architect of Holyrood. Near by, the Douglases possessed three strongholds in the old days; Abercorn Castle, just at hand, Blackness Castle, a little more to the west,

and Inveravon Castle, near Grangemouth. Little wonder that the kings of Scotland had to curb the strength of that powerful family. Blackness was taken by James II. in 1453, and two years afterwards Abercorn Castle fell into his hands.

Borrowstowness, or Bo'ness as the natives call it, in the first half of the eighteenth century ranked as the third port in Scotland. Since then, however, its trade has declined, though the recent opening of extensive iron-works and the building of docks have given it an access of prosperity. It cannot, however, compare in importance with Grangemouth, which stands next to Leith among the Forth seaports. Here the Forth and Clyde Canal has its eastern terminus, great docks jut out into the Forth, and a large fleet of steamers ply to London and the Continent.

CHAPTER VI

STIRLING

From time immemorial the first bridge over the Forth has been at Stirling. Old Stirling Bridge as it at present stands dates from the beginning of the fifteenth century, but for long before, a bridge, though probably only of wood, stood in its place. "Forth bridles the wild Highlandman," says the proverb, but here was the gate, and to it on the north and the south were roads converging to the passage.

And as long as a bridge has spanned the Forth, so long has a castle frowned on the plain from the steep rock above. For castle and bridge go together. The bridge was the key to the north, and the garrison of the castle watched it night and day. The bridge itself was fortified, and until within comparatively recent years a sentry marched to and fro by

it, but the real guard lay in the castle ready to be summoned at a moment's notice, and defend the bridge from all but an army.

Armies came too, and from the castle rock you look down on seven historic battlefields, two of which were decisive in securing Scottish independence: Cambuskenneth (843 A.D.), Stirling (1297), Falkirk (1298), Bannockburn (1314), Sauchieburn (1488), Sherriffmuir (1715), and Falkirk (1746).

The first, the battle of Cambuskenneth, fought in the reign of Kenneth II. between the Scots and the Picts, need detain us little; but the battle of Stirling Bridge, fought on the 11th September 1297, was of vital importance in Scotland's great struggle for existence against the aggressive southern kingdom.

The people had risen in arms against the attempt of Edward I. to make Scotland an appendage of the English throne, and led by Sir William Wallace, one stronghold after another had fallen into their hands. An English army of 50,000 men was sent into the north under Cressingham, the soldier-priest, and the Earl of Surrey; and Wallace,

then besieging Dundee, on hearing of their advance, hastened to meet them. His army only consisted of 10,000 men, but by forced marches he was able to reach the Forth in time to dispute their passage, and to select an advantageous position. About a mile and a half to the north of Stirling, near to Cambuskenneth Abbey, stands a rocky and wooded hill, the Abbey Craig. Here Wallace posted his forces, the bulk of them hidden from view. The old stone bridge was not built then, but another still older, and probably of wood, stretched from shore to shore. So narrow was it that only two horsemen abreast could cross at once. Halted on the southern bank, the Earl of Surrey grasped the deadly and difficult nature of the passage, and would have held back, but his more impetuous colleague urged on the attack, and Surrey gave way. Slowly the heavy English cavalry, under Sir Marmaduke de Twenge, crossed over; Cressingham's division followed till the English force was divided into two, one half on each side of the river. Then Wallace took action. Suddenly a body of Scottish

spearmen who had crept round unnoticed by the river bank, charged the English flank and seized the end of the bridge. Ere they had time to recover from their confusion, Wallace hurled his whole remaining force on their front. Surrey on the southern shore had the mortification of seeing the half of his army driven pell-mell into the Forth in hopeless disorder. In vain he endeavoured to force his way over the bridge to their assistance, the Scottish spearmen held the other side. Cressingham was slain, and of all those who crossed very few escaped. The remainder of the English army fled to the south, suffering severe losses by the way, and Scotland for the time being was safe.

The first battle of Falkirk, however, where Wallace again in 1298 met the flower of the English army, tells a sadder and a different tale. For long, the stubborn clumps of Scottish spearmen withstood the charge of the mailclad English cavalry, till at length the galling showers of arrows rained on them by the English archers broke their formation. From that moment the battle was lost. But

Wallace's tactics here were just those of Wellington at Waterloo, and as the squares grew smaller and smaller till it seemed as if they would melt away, we know how Wellington prayed "for night or Blücher."

But a mightier struggle yet was to be fought out under the ramparts of Stirling Castle, for the same prize, the kingdom of Scotland. Wallace, alas, was dead, but under Robert the Bruce the Scottish patriots in 1313 had wrested every stronghold in the land from the invaders, except one, Stirling Castle. Edward Bruce had besieged it for many months, but it still held out. Sir Philip Mowbray, the English governor, on the 24th of June 1313, proposed a truce, pledging himself that unless an English army relieved the garrison within a year from that day he would surrender to the Scots. The conditions were accepted, and soon an English army was preparing to invade Scotland on a vaster scale than ever hitherto attempted. Troops were called in not only from England but from Ireland, and even Gascony, so that the time had almost expired ere the huge force, numbering nearly 100,000

men, of which 40,000 were cavalry, crossed the Scottish border.

Bruce, on his part, had not been idle, but his utmost efforts could raise no more than 40,000 men, of which only 500 were cavalry. Still, he had one great advantage—the choice of ground, for the objective of the English army was Stirling Castle, and it lay with him to intercept them where he chose. There were but two routes available for the English commander. He could advance from the eastward across the level lands of the Carse, but, as he neared Stirling, the winding course of the Forth would so contract his front that a great part of the advantage of his numbers would be lost. The only other course was direct from the south by the village of St. Ninians, as farther west lay a range of hills.

In the excellent guide published by R. S. Shearer & Son, Stirling, is a most interesting account of the battle, written by Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood (then Major E. Wood, 90th Infantry) in 1872. It differs from the ordinary history of the battle in this respect, that it is written by a professional soldier with

a keen appreciation of every advantage to be gained from the disposition of the ground; and where he disagrees with the legend usually accepted, as, for instance, in his belief that the borestone did not mark the position of the Scottish centre on the day of the battle, but on the day before, his logic is sound and convincing.

On the 21st of June the Scottish army lay in the Torwood, some eight miles to the south of Stirling. Here Bruce with his general officers, Randolph Earl of Moray, Edward Bruce, Lord Walter, High Steward, and Sir James Douglas, held a council of war.

The result was that the Scottish army moved back to a position just beyond the Bannock Burn. If Edward led his troops along by the Carse, he was in a good position to attack him in flank. If, on the other hand, he advanced by St. Ninians, he must cross the Bannock Burn, where Bruce selected a strong position, strongly defended in front not only by the stream but by swamps and bogs. Where the ground was sound, his soldiers were set to dig pits, which, lightly covered with brushwood,

but with pointed stakes inside, formed deadly traps for charging cavalry; and, in addition, numbers of caltrops—four iron spikes so joined together that, however the caltrop falls, it stands on three points with the fourth sticking up—were strewn over the field. On Coxet Hill a detachment under Randolph Moray had special instructions to watch for any attempt to relieve the castle by a turning movement from the east.

Every schoolboy knows how Sir Walter Scott tells the tale. On the 23rd the English army was seen advancing along the expected route of St. Ninians. But a body of picked horsemen, commanded by Lord Clifford, had been sent forward to make a dash for the castle. As they emerged from behind the trees by St. Ninians Church, Bruce, who was talking to Moray and Douglas, suddenly espied them. "Randolph," said he, "a rose has fallen from thy chaplet." Without a word Randolph was off, and soon two bodies of men, Scotch and English, were racing for the castle. They met near the river, at the spot still called "Randolph's field." It looked as if Randolph's

STIRLING

From a painting by
D. Y. CAMERON, A.R.S.A.

small force would be overwhelmed, and Douglas craved permission to go to his assistance. But Bruce refused, saying the error was Moray's, he must retrieve it alone. Douglas, however, could not stand idle while his friend was in peril, and with a handful of followers rode off to his support. As they approached, the English were observed to be in full retreat. "Stop," cried Douglas, with true chivalry, "if we are not in time to help in the strife, we shall not take away any of the glory of his victory."

That evening the two armies were halted on either side of the stream, and a small party of English had crossed over close to where Bruce, riding on a little white palfrey, was superintending the marshalling of his line. An English knight, Sir Henry de Bohun, recognising him by his golden coronet, saw an opportunity for a dashing deed of arms. Putting the spurs to his horse, he charged down with lance in rest on the king, in full view of the Scottish army. A shout of alarm warned Bruce of his danger, but there was no one near enough to interpose. As the huge warhorse

with its mailclad rider bore down on him, Bruce waited calmly, then almost on the shock of contact he swerved his pony sharply aside. As de Bohun thundered past, rising in his stirrups, he dealt him a terrific blow with his battle-axe, which cleft helmet and head and stretched him lifeless on the ground. What a glorious omen of victory to the watching Scottish army!

Meantime, Bruce had moved his line back, so that while his right rested on the precipitous bank of the Bannock Burn, his left stretched to the high ground of Coxet Hill to the north-east. Swamps rendered the passage of the burn impossible, except just where commanded by the Scottish army, and to reach Stirling Edward would have had to expose his army to a flank attack. He had no choice then but to advance direct on the Scottish line, which, drawn up fourteen or sixteen deep, a solid phalanx of spearmen, awaited his attack. As the English troops advanced in the early morning, the old abbot of Inchaffray walked down the Scottish line with uplifted crucifix, and blessed the kneeling soldiers. "Ah," cried Edward, "see, they kneel, they ask for

BLACKNESS CASTLE

From a painting by

Sir W. FFTTES DOUGLAS, P.R.S.A.

mercy." "They do," replied a knight who knew them, "but it is from God and not from us."

Pressing across the narrow neck of land where the Bannock Burn was fordable, the English army threw themselves on the Scots. But so narrow was their front, from the nature of the ground, that they had little advantage from their superior force, and Bruce was able to concentrate his strength to meet the attack. For a while the English archers, posted on a little knoll to the west, galled the Scottish infantry sorely; but Bruce's 500 horsemen, making a wide detour, suddenly charged them in the flank, and cut them to pieces.

As the English attack failed, and their troops wavered, Bruce brought up his reserves, and the whole Scottish line advanced. At this critical moment, the Scottish camp-followers, who had retired for safety behind the "Gillies Hill," appeared on the top, and seeing the English line going back, advanced down the hill, waving blankets on poles as banners, and shouting lustily. At the sight of this fresh army, for so it appeared to the jaded English

troops, they broke and fled, and soon the retreat became an utter rout. Edward escaped with difficulty to Dunbar, all but captured by Sir James Douglas and a body of horse, and 30,000 Englishmen were left dead on the field. Never again, in spite of the varying fortunes of war, was the independence of Scotland seriously threatened.

About a mile to the south is the field of Sauchieburn, where in 1488 James III. was defeated by his insurgent nobles. As the monarch fled from the field, he passed a woman drawing water, who rose suddenly, and in her fright dropped her pitcher with a clang. The king's charger shied, and threw his rider, who was carried, seriously injured, into Beaton's Mill, at Milton. One of the inmates ran out, crying for a priest to shrive a dying man, and came back with a man who called himself a priest. As he bent over the injured man, he drew a dagger from his girdle and stabbed him to the heart. The remains of the unfortunate king lie buried in Cambuskenneth Abbey. For a long time the exact position of his tomb was unknown, but in 1864 excavations were

made resulting in the finding of the remains of the king and his queen, Margaret of Denmark, which were reinterred—a handsome monument being erected by command of the late Queen Victoria.

Away some five miles to the north, near Dunblane, lies the scene of the inglorious battle of Sherriffmuir, so well satirised in the old song—

"Some say that we won, and some say that they won,
And some say that nane won at a', man,
But this I am sure, that at Sherrifmuir,
A battle there was, that I saw, man.
An' we ran, an' they ran,
An' they ran, an' we ran,
An' we ran, an' they ran awa', man."

The last of Stirling's battlefields lies near Falkirk, where in 1746 Prince Charlie gained a slight victory over the royal troops. The natives of Stirling had been valiant adherents of King George, and had enrolled a force of volunteers for the defence of the town. But when 4000 Highlanders marched on the city, those faint-hearted warriors threw open the city gates, to the chagrin of the fiery Ebenezer Erskine, the dissenting minster, who had been so active in enrolling them, and to the disgust

of General Blakeney, the commander of the castle, who sent to the Town Council the following message :—

"Gentlemen, as your provost and bailies think the town not worth their notice to take care of it, neither can I. I will take care of the castle."

The Jacobites laid siege to the castle and bombarded it from batteries near the High Church and Mars Work, and later, from Ladies' Hill and Gowans Hill, but their efforts were of no avail, and on 1st February, after blowing up the powder magazine in St. Ninian's Church —the tower of which being uninjured now stands by itself—they retired.

The old bridge of Stirling stands to-day much in the same condition as it has stood for the last five hundred years. The towers in the middle have been cut down to the parapet, the south arch has been rebuilt, for General Blakeney had it destroyed in 1745, and in 1751 the old iron gate of the bridge was sold, but the main fabric is just as serviceable now as ever, and in elegance of proportion far surpasses the new bridge built in 1831.

But the town has changed largely since the old days. The streets leading up to the castle are full of fine old buildings, and in their old-world air, and also, be it said, in their squalor, remind one of the Canongate of Edinburgh. Though there are many handsome shops, yet squalor is the main impression one gets from the streets, and Stirling is not alone in this among Scottish towns. In England it is different. Go where you will, in Chester or in Salisbury, or any of the old-fashioned towns, and you will find poverty enough, but not squalor. You have to visit the busy manufacturing towns in Wigan or St. Helen's, or the slums of Manchester or Birmingham, to parallel the dirt that you find in these fine old Scottish country towns. But, as the proverb says, "It tak's a lot o' dirt to pussion puir folk and bairns," and certainly the Scotch bairns seem to thrive on it.

The oldest building in the town is the parish church, standing on the slope leading to the castle. The nave is a fine specimen of the earliest Gothic, dating probably from the twelfth century. The choir is of much later date, be-

longing to the beginning of the sixteenth century. The nave and choir now form separate churches, the entrance to each being from the transept, an arrangement which has the following curious history. In the middle of the seventeenth century, the minister of the first charge was the Rev. James Guthrie. A stern Covenanter of the old school, he was finally executed in Edinburgh in the year 1661, for denouncing the king's authority in religious matters. Like many of these grim old heroes, he must have been "gey ill to live wi'," for in 1656 he quarrelled with the minister of the second charge, and refused to allow him to preach. The difficulty was got over by dividing the church into two, and giving a pulpit to each minister, the entry to both parts being by the transept.

As for Stirling Castle, alas! it has now but little resemblance to the old stronghold. It has retained its usefulness too long; had it been neglected and in ruins it would still, though decayed, have been the old castle, but it has continually been renovated to meet modern requirements. After it ceased to be a castle in

the old sense, it was used as a residence by the Scottish kings, and now, like Edinburgh Castle, it forms the barracks for a regiment, and the archways still ring with the tramp of marching men and the call of bugles. But it is a mimicry of war. The old castle could be blown to bits in half an hour by a single battery of modern artillery, and the troops are only there because they must be housed somewhere.

Still, though the old feudal fortress has gone, there is much still left that is of interest. Parliament House, built by James III. in the fifteenth century, where the last Parliament held in Scotland opened its sittings, must have been a fine specimen of Scottish architecture. It was built by Cochrane, whose favour with the king gave so much umbrage to the nobles, and by whom he was hung over Lauder Bridge. The palace is said to have been begun by the same hand, but it was added to by James IV., and completed by James V., whose initials are carved above the windows. The room where James II. stabbed the Earl of Douglas is still to be seen, but most of the castle is now devoted to the housing of the military.

One room had the ceiling covered with a series of heads, carved in wood, representing the kings of Scotland, but one day a head fell on that of a soldier, so the whole were ruthlessly pulled down. They owed their preservation to the keeper of Stirling Jail, who kept them for forty years; and they are now to be seen in the Smith Institute.

The view from Stirling Castle is one of the most magnificent in Scotland. Below, lie the rich fields of the Carse of Stirling, with the links of Forth twisting and turning like the writhings of a serpent. Beyond, is the wooded Abbey Craig, crowned by the Wallace Monument, and behind, rise the heights of the Ochils. Away to the left, the Highland peaks stretch a billowy blue wall across the horizon. To the south and east lie the most fertile lands in the south of Scotland, bounded by ranges of hills. For Stirling is in the midst of a vast amphitheatre, the centre of the basin of the Forth.

Just under the castle is the cemetery, with its monument to the Martyrs of the Solway,

and on a tombstone the following quaint inscription :—

"Our life is but a winter day,
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay,
And are full fed,
The oldest man but sups,
And goes to bed.
Large is his debt,
That lingers out the day;
He that goes soonest,
Has the least to pay."

The castle is best seen from below. Crossing over the old bridge, a road skirts round the north side of the castle towards the King's Knot, from which an excellent view of it is obtained, recalling curiously that of Edinburgh Castle from Princes Street Gardens, with green cornfields for the gardens, and an open country road instead of Princes Street.

This road brings us to the town again, past the Smith Institute. To me, the place came as a surprise. I had heard there was such a place, and having a few minutes to spare, went in. But here was an excellent gallery, well designed and well lit. The first room, devoted to water-colours, contained many fine

examples of the old English water-colourists—David Cox (no less than fourteen examples, some of them very choice), William Hunt, W. J. Müller, R. B. Bonnington, J. D. Harding, all painters of the old school. For the donor, Mr. Thomas Stuart Smith of Glassinggall, near Stirling, was himself an artist, who lived just before the days of the modern school. I say just before, for in the collection are one or two exquisite early examples of the work of James Maris. One in particular, a water-colour of a Venetian girl feeding doves—red apron, rich red skirt—up against a cool blue sky, is charming in its refinement, so delicate, yet so fresh and strong. It is signed J. Maris '67. Another, a little oil, is still earlier in date, it is signed J. Maris '65; and in a pair of larger oils, dated 1869, one a seascape, the other a river scene with barges, we get a nearer approach to the master's mature style.

In addition to these examples of fifty years ago, the gallery has at present an excellent series of works by modern Scotch artists, lent by the Scottish Modern Arts Association.

A very fine example, "Criffel," by D. Y. Cameron; "Pittenweem," with its wind-swept little harbour, by Alexander Roche; "A typical view of Edinburgh," by James Paterson; a fresh landscape by Walton; and one of Hornel's fairylike patchworks of brilliant colour, children playing by the seashore.

In addition to the picture gallery, the building contains a most complete and interesting museum. Here we may find relics of prehistoric days, stone implements, bronze weapons and ornaments, and curious examples of early pottery. The cases illustrating early Scottish life and character are most fascinating. Quaint agricultural implements, whose use has long been superseded, toothed reaping-hooks, turf and peat spades. Then a number of cases of arms and armour, in one of which is a caltrop, picked up on the field of Bannockburn. Among the weights and measures is the famous "Stirling jug," dating from about 1457, the oldest Scottish measure in existence, and in a series of cases round the walls is a fine collection of old pottery and metal work.

CHAPTER VII

DUNFERMLINE

Some four or five miles inland from North Queensferry lies the ancient royal burgh of Dunfermline, now a busy manufacturing town.

It is blessed with a most beautiful situation, lying outspread on the southern slope of the high ground facing the Firth. To the left, rising above the green woods of Pittencrieff, are the towers of the Abbey, and the line of grey stone houses, purple-grey slates, with patches of clear red tiles, stretches along the ridge.

From Dunfermline itself one commands a magnificent view of the Firth. In the foreground, the rich green fields of the undulating land between it and the ferry, with the massive red ironwork of the Forth Bridge peeping over the hills like a gigantic switchback; beyond, the glimmering water and the dim southern

shore. Edinburgh with its Castle and Arthur's Seat, and higher still the rampart of the Pentlands barring the way. Then to the left, the wide sweep leading to North Berwick Law and the Bass.

Dunfermline in its long eventful history has passed through many phases. First we know of it as a royal residence.

> "The King sits in Dumfarlin town
> Drinking the blude red wine."

It was here that Malcolm Canmore brought his gentle bride, and within the precincts of the Abbey lie the remains of many of the Scottish royal house.

During the days when Dunfermline Abbey was the Scottish Durham, it played a leading part in the ecclesiastical history of Scotland. Even now, the fragment that remains to us of the old Abbey Church is one of our noblest specimens of Norman architecture.

But the ancient glory of the old burgh faded, and in the year 1600 it had sunk to the position of a quiet little country town of only one thousand inhabitants. Now this is all

changed. Dunfermline is right in the midst of one of the richest coal-fields in Fife, and the coming of steam-power has revolutionised the old weaving industry, and made the town the chief seat of the linen manufacture in Scotland.

Dunfermline's history begins with the eventful day when the three Saxon fugitives, Edgar the Atheling, and his two sisters, Margaret and Christina, members of the old royal house of England, landed in the Forth near Dunfermline. St. Margaret's Hope is the name still borne by the little sheltered haven where her boat touched the shore, and the fact is typical of the way the gentle Saxon princess impressed her personality on all her surroundings. To the court of Malcolm Canmore, the warrior king of Scotland, they were bound, and to the king's peremptory wooing, her brother could not, if he wished, have opposed his will.

The marriage took place at Dunfermline in 1070. The story reads like a tale from the *Faerie Queene* :—

"The Lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard

Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard;
Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And when she wakt he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepard:
From her fayre eyes he took commandement,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent."

For the stern warrior, whose strong personality dominated his own kingdom, and whose ruthless devastating armies had made his name feared and dreaded in the North of England, melted before her, and sat at her feet with all the simplicity of a child.

"There was in him," says Turgot, "a sort of dread of offending one whose life was so venerable, for he could not but perceive from her conduct that Christ dwelt within her, nay more, he readily obeyed her wishes and prudent counsel in all things. Whatever she refused, he refused also, whatever pleased her, he also loved, for the love of her."

The chronicle of a saint is often to our modern minds but sickly reading, but the tale of Turgot, Prior of Durham, and afterwards Bishop of St. Andrews, who for many years was a member of the royal household and the Queen's confessor, is written with a simple

truthfulness that disarms criticism and is full of tender human touches, for Margaret was a woman as well as a saint. The chronicle was written after Margaret's death, for her daughter Matilda, the wife of Henry I., King of England.

"Whilst Margaret was yet in the flower of her youth," he records, "she began to lead a very strict life, to love God above all things; to employ herself in the study of the divine writings, and therein with joy to exercise her mind." So, when married to Malcolm, her first thought was for the religious welfare of the nation, and under her fostering care religious houses sprang up all over the land. A few years after her marriage in 1070, the foundations of Dunfermline Abbey were laid, the king enriched it with gifts of land and the queen with jewels and gold and silver ornaments.

She was much more than the mere patron of the Church. "Her understanding was keen to comprehend any matter whatever it might be; to this was joined a great tenacity of memory, enabling her to store it up, along with a graceful flow of language to express

K HOPE

THE PALACE, INVERKEITHING

From a painting by
ROBERT HOPE.

it." She was deeply learned in Church lore, so when she called a council of the members of the existing Celtic Church, she took an active part in the proceedings; it was she who instituted the reforms and saw that they were carried out. The king too, though in these matters deferring to her judgment, attended the meetings of the council, and, speaking both Celtic and English, acted where necessary as interpreter between the parties. Then we get a delightfully human touch: the learned queen, fresh from her conferences with the high dignitaries of the Church, was sometimes short of money for the poor, who flocked to her to relieve their distress, and would plunder the money which the king had offered at High Mass, much to the amusement of the monarch, who would playfully threaten to convict her of the theft.

Her charities to the poor were boundless. Midway between Dunfermline and the Forth is a large stone, St. Margaret's Stone it is still called, where it is said the queen rested on her first journey to Dunfermline. Here she would repair and sit in the open field so

that the poor might approach her freely. In his wars with England Malcolm had taken many prisoners, who now toiled as slaves in Scottish households. The queen kept spies employed to find out those who were cruelly treated, when she herself would provide the money for their ransom.

Yet Margaret was queenly as well as womanly. She had a full sense of the position and the dignity due to her husband, and under her auspices the Scottish Court grew in magnificence and stately ceremonial.

It is little wonder that Malcolm loved and honoured her as he did. In the words of Turgot: "Although he could not read he would turn over and examine books which she used either for her devotion or her study, and whenever he heard her express especial liking for a particular book, he also would look at it with special interest, kissing it and often taking it into his hands. Sometimes he sent for a worker in precious metals, whom he commanded to ornament that volume with gold and gems, and when the work was finished the king himself used to carry the

book to the queen as a loving proof of his devotion."

Perhaps it was of such a volume that Turgot tells the following story. A certain priest was journeying on a mule, with a gospel book belonging to the queen wrapt in a fold of his robe. While he crossed a stream the book slipped unnoticed from its covering and fell into the water, where it was discovered some hours after at the bottom of the stream. But a miracle happened ; although the book lay open and the action of the flowing water had carried away some of the little coverings of silk which protected the beautifully illuminated initial letters, yet both writing and pictures were absolutely uninjured. Only the two outer leaves, slightly puckered, showed any signs of the prolonged immersion.

Such a legend, while characteristic of the times, would not strike us as worthy of special note, but in this case there is a very curious sequel.

A few years ago, in 1887 to be precise, the Bodleian library purchased a little volume purporting to be an MS. of the Gospels written

on vellum and belonging to the fourteenth century. On examination, however, the MS. was discovered to be of a much earlier date, in fact, a very fine specimen of eleventh century work. And now comes the remarkable thing. In the beginning of the book was written a little poem in Latin, relating the miracle which we have just repeated as having happened to this very volume, the outer leaves of which still showed the slight creasing referred to by Turgot.

It was fitting that the king and queen, so closely associated both in their public and their private lives, should die within a few days of each other.

Malcolm was killed at Alnwick, whither he had led an expedition in 1093, and on the news being taken to the queen as she lay ill in Edinburgh Castle, she shortly after passed away. She was buried with her husband, probably by her own wish, in the precincts of the Abbey they had founded at Dunfermline.

Nothing, however, remains to-day of the old Abbey of Queen Margaret. Perhaps the little chapel in Edinburgh Castle, known as

Queen Margaret's Oratory, a specimen of the most primitive Norman work, may actually have been used by her, but the nave of Dunfermline Abbey, the only part of the old church, belongs to the structure raised by David I. in the twelfth century when the Benedictine Monastery was founded.

In the thirteenth century the choir and transepts were added, and a Lady Chapel to which the body of Queen Margaret was removed on her canonisation by Pope Innocent IV. in 1250. The church then must have been one of the most beautiful in Scotland, but it was not long allowed to remain in its pristine beauty, for Edward I., on his invasion of Scotland in 1303, set fire to the church and the monastery buildings, and again in 1385 they suffered the same fate at the hands of Richard II.; the final ruin of the church was accomplished by the Reformers in 1560. It is difficult indeed to avoid feeling bitter against those old puritans, as one sees the effect of their misguided zeal in the ruined state of almost every one of our fine old churches. It would require a lot of virtue to atone for

the destruction of so much beauty, and the Scottish Covenanter, admirable though his principles might be and staunchly as he upheld them, was apt to be rather unlovelike. Indeed, there are those who say that the worst qualities of the Scottish character, its narrowness, its bigotry, its instinctive distrust of anything pleasant or beautiful, as something necessarily wrong, date from the period of the Reformation. The old church, with all its defects, was at least more kindly.

Of the Abbey Church itself only the nave now remains in its original condition. One tower has fallen and has had to be rebuilt, but, as it stands, the whole is a singularly complete and beautiful example of Norman architecture. The huge buttresses outside are of sixteenth century work, and the space between them in some cases was roofed in to form family burial vaults for the local nobility. A few years ago, while preparations were being made for the erection of a memorial tablet, a workman was surprised to find his tool go right through the wall. A careful examination was made and a very rich little

Norman doorway was exposed. Closed up for centuries, and sealed against the devastating influence of time, the rich carving round the arch is as fresh and sharp as the day it was cut.

Every one remembers how the body of King Robert the Bruce was buried in Dunfermline Abbey, and that before his death he had given instructions to his faithful follower, Douglas, to take his heart to the Holy Land, that it might carry out the pilgrimage which he had never been able to undertake in his lifetime. How Douglas, passing through Spain in the fulfilment of his mission, was killed there in a battle with the Moors, and how, in the thick of the fight, he flung the casket containing the relic right into the midst of his enemies, crying, "Forward as thou were wont, thou gallant heart, Douglas will follow thee."

When Douglas was found dead, he was clasping the casket, and the heart was afterwards sent back to Scotland and buried in Melrose Abbey.

In 1818, when the excavations were being

made for the new Abbey Church, which now stands as a melancholy monument to the bad taste of the day, the body of Bruce was found wrapt in a cloth of gold with the breast bone sawn through to admit of the removal of the heart. A brass memorial now marks his resting-place, and round the square tower of the church in great, stone letters, like a street sign, runs the legend: "King Robert the Bruce."

Of the monastic buildings little remains except the ruins of the refectory with its magnificent window in the west gable.

The Palace was once one of the chief royal residences. Burnt by Edward I. in 1303, it was rebuilt by Robert the Bruce, and, though again burnt in 1385, was restored by subsequent monarchs. It was a favourite dwelling-place of James VI. (afterwards James I. of England), and here was born his son, the ill-fated Charles I. The story is told that once his nurse, suddenly awakened by the screams of the child, found a little old man bending over the cradle, who promptly disappeared leaving his black cloak behind him in his haste. "Gin he ever be King, there'll

be nae guid in his reign," said his superstitious father; "the deil has cussen his cloak ower him already."

In the town are several interesting old buildings of a later date, the chief of these being the Friar's House in Maygate, or, as it is more commonly called, Abbot Pitcairn's house. It is a quaint, irregular building of the old Scotch crow-stepped type, and over the principal doorway runs the sage inscription—

"Sen vord is thrall and thocht is fre,
Keip veill thy tonge I coinsell the."

About a mile from the town lies another fine old mansion, now known as the "Hill Farm House." Built in 1623, it has fine stone chimneys and quite an ornate front; above the windows are *fleur-de-lis* and other devices, the rain water heads are of fine old lead work, and over the doorway runs the motto, "Ni deus aedificit domum." Once used as the residence of the dowager Duchess by the Elgin family, it is at present the headquarters of the Territorial Artillery.

The coal mining industry of Dunfermline is

a very ancient one, although it is only within recent years that it has assumed its present importance. In a charter granted in 1291 to the Abbot of Dunfermline, he was allowed the privilege of digging coal in the lands of Pittencrieff (the first mention of coal ever being worked in Scotland), yet for a long time the industry made little progress. There was a strong prejudice against the use of coal as a fuel, and, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, when brewers and smiths tried to use it, an outcry was made on account of the smoke nuisance, and laws were passed prohibiting its use.

With the close of the sixteenth century, however, the growing scarcity of wood made itself felt, and coal began to be commonly used as a substitute. For a long time the colliers had a miserable existence; they were not freemen but serfs. On entering a coal mine they were bound to work there during their whole life; their services were sold with the colliery if it changed hands, and their sons had to follow their father's occupation in the same mine. Added to this, tramps and

vagabonds were often sent to the mines as a convenient form of penal servitude, and worked there wearing a collar, like a dog's, with name and owner inscribed upon it. It was not till 1775 that an Act was passed setting the colliers free, and now, though nothing can take away the dangers and hardships of their occupation, they are at least allowed the rights of ordinary citizenship.

There is a curious saying in some parts of Fife arising from the system of paying a collier's wages fortnightly: "A collier is born a fortnight before his meat."

The linen manufacture has long been the pride of Dunfermline. In the early days it was only the coarser linen goods that were made, but now the finest damasks are the distinctive product of the Dunfermline looms.

It is said that the weaving of damask was introduced in 1718. A Dunfermline weaver brought the secret from Edinburgh, for damask was made in those days in Drumsheugh and the secret of its manufacture was zealously guarded.

Feigning idiocy he mixed with the weavers,

who were glad to make game of him and allowed him to enter the workshop. Here, asking a number of wild and foolish questions, he watched the whole process, and even crawled under a loom to examine its working more closely. On his return he made a similar loom from memory, and set up a workshop in the old tower of the Abbey.

At first, of course, the linen was manufactured entirely on handlooms, and chiefly in the cottages of the weavers; in the surrounding districts little weavers' colonies sprang up, of which a typical example is the little village of Cairneyhill. Now conditions are changed. Dunfermline's factory chimneys rise far above the Abbey towers. A steam siren rouses the hands from their slumbers and calls them to their work, and the rattle and bang of the great steam looms resounds from morning till night.

But Dunfermline was born under a lucky star; in her early days she sheltered under the wing of Queen Margaret, and now, in the twentieth century, she has found a munificent patron in one of her own sons. Andrew

Carnegie who, some sixty years ago, left her as a penniless boy and has now returned to his native land a millionaire. In addition to many gifts to the town made at various times, a Free Library, a Technical School, etc., a few years ago he purchased the beautiful property of Pittencrieff, adjoining the town, and placed it under the management of a body of trustees for the use of the inhabitants of Dunfermline. At the same time a sum of money bringing in a handsome annual income was handed to the trustees to be used on behalf of the town.

So Dunfermline to-day, thanks to the Carnegie Trust, is a pioneer in all manner of schemes calculated to render city life healthy and attractive. First of all there is Pittencrieff Glen, than which it would be difficult to imagine a more lovely public park. Almost in the city, this beautiful property was once hidden behind high walls, and men might live all their lives in Dunfermline and have no idea of the romantic spot which Providence had placed at their very doors. The pathway runs along a richly wooded ravine, above which, at one part, are seen the Palace ruins. Pittencrieff House,

a fine old seventeenth century mansion, built in 1610 by Sir Alexander Clerk of Penicuik, is now utilised as a Museum, and the velvety stretch of turf in front, with its fine view of the Firth, forms a magnificent pleasure ground. Peacocks strut about spreading their gorgeous tails in the sun, and give an added glory to the scene. They are quite tame and are daily visitors to the comfortable open air tea-rooms. In a sheltered corner, too, are laid out fine flower gardens, all ablaze with colour.

A bandstand has been erected, and, in the summer evenings, the whole population flocks down to listen to the excellent music provided by the Trust band.

In addition to this many other undertakings are on foot. A college of Hygiene has been founded, a school of Physical Culture with superb swimming baths and gymnasium. There is a school of Music, too, and Art teaching is provided. At present the members of the trust are meditating the foundation of a residential institute for women workers, such as we find at Bournville, Port Sunlight, or, nearer home, in Paisley, and other schemes lie

in the background, to come to fruition when the time is ripe. For their principle is to experiment, to act as pioneers, and lead the way for other municipalities, less happily endowed, to follow.

CHAPTER VIII

FROM CULROSS TO INVERKEITHING

From Dunfermline a motor service is run to the old town of Culross—"Cuiross"—in local pronunciation. It is strange how little real difference such a change, as the substitution of the up-to-date motor for the old four-in-hand, makes. The chauffeur is only the old coachman in a new dress. His free and easy relations with his fares are just the same: he knows every one on the road, and chaffs them as he passes by; the district nurse on her bicycle makes sarcastic remarks as she passes him on a hill, only to be overtaken ignominiously a little farther on.

It is a very happy-go-lucky concern the Culross motor. It was seemingly full when we started, but we collected passengers all the way and brought them into Culross like

ST DAVID'S

From a painting by

JAMES PATERSON, R.S.A.

bees hanging to a comb. At Cairneyhill there was a wait of five minutes for a fussy little old lady who positively refused to sit anywhere but on the box seat, although it already had two occupants besides the driver, and a little farther on a man in funeral array of blacks waited at his garden gate with a huge wreath in his hand. A passenger took charge of the wreath, the man stood on the step, and off we went again.

It is a pretty road, well wooded. The first place we pass through is Cairneyhill, with its long street of weavers' cottages, many of them now untenanted, and a little farther on we strike the Firth at Torryburn, a straggling little village with a crooked street. In an old volume I came across the following epitaph which was culled from Torryburn churchyard, and is worth repeating—

> "In this churchyard lies Eppie Coutts
> Either here or here aboots.
> But where it is there's nane can tell
> Till Eppie rise and tell hersel'."

The road now skirts the shore, the tide is out, and a long stretch of mud lies between

us and Preston Island, with its ruined houses which, in some lights, assume the romantic appearance of an old castle; a little farther on is Low Valleyfield and then the quiet old town of Culross, the favourite haunt of artists.

As the motor drives into the open square by the old town hall, we cause a ripple in the calm, like a stone thrown into a pool, but as the passengers disperse, stillness settles down again.

Above the town the ground rises in a cliff of green trees, and under this nestle the houses sheltered from north and east winds and open to all the warmth of the western sun. On the slope behind are gardens, and right above, higher than the chimney pots, runs a little walk in the shade of the trees.

Between the grey garden walls are narrow paths up the hill. The one we have chosen is only a couple of feet wide. The lower part is a narrow footpath, trodden bare in the centre, with a thick edging of grass and nettle, and at the steep part of the slope begins a flight of steps, which once ran unbroken to the top. But now the grass has forced its way between

the stones, which are pushed to one side and the other and lie broken and moss-covered. There are many gaps and the stones are loose, and one must walk warily. From this narrow lane way you emerge on the Terrace, a well made pathway between two stone walls. That in front is low, forming a parapet about four feet high, just the height to stand and lean on, and look down over the gardens and the houses below. The wall at the back is higher, and above it rises the wood. In the terrace itself, trees at intervals give a shelter from the sun, if such were needed, but even on this warm July day a cool breeze from off the Firth pleasantly tempers the heat.

The bell-like roof of the old Tolbooth, grey stone and blue-grey slate, stands out dark against the waters, which to-day are a delicate metallic grey, brighter than lead, yet richer than silver, and with innumerable diamond sparkles where the sun glints on the ripples. Beyond, Bo'ness lies smoking against a background of green fields and dim blue woodland. In the foreground we have the long irregular rows of red-tiled roofs, the sunlit sides flaring

an orange red, the shaded ones glowing with deeper shades of ruby and crimson. Nearer still and below us, the good grey earth is dotted with young cabbages just transplanted, rows of potatoes, strawberry beds, and here and there a clothes line with its fluttering patches of colour. Down a few steps and round a corner, and we are at the back of the old Palace, as it is called. Here the garden is more pretentious, rising in terraces, while a row of yew trees at the back give a touch of stateliness. The house has fallen upon evil days and is now used by a coaching establishment, but the irises in the garden still afford a blaze of royal colour, the borders of boxwood are thick and luxuriant, and peonies, lilies, and roses, all good old-fashioned flowers, abound.

Though the railway runs along the waterside, and the towers of the Forth Bridge are visible in the distance, and they are breaking up iron ships at Bo'ness across the water, yet these things do not disturb the old-world atmosphere of the place. For that matter the railway seems asleep too, trains are few and far between and travel slowly ; even the motor

that brought us from Dunfermline took three quarters of an hour for the six miles. These are but accidents; the essentials are the yellow sunlight warming the old grey walls, as it has done summer after summer for centuries, the murmur of the soft wind in the trees, and the lapping of the water in the Firth.

Culross is full of interesting old buildings, the best known of which is the Palace. It forms three sides of a square with a large gateway, and open courtyard inside. The main building bears the date 1611, and one of the wings that of 1597. There is much rich carving above the windows, and one can still read the arms of the Bruce family whose mansion it was. It is said that James VI. stayed in the house when visiting Culross in 1617 and, at a later date, the house was occupied by Colonel John Erskine, and was known as the "Colonel's Close." The name "palace" now popularly applied to the house evidently arose merely from a misapprehension of the world "palatium" in the Latin title-deeds. Inside there are some curious old painted ceilings, but the building is rapidly

falling into disrepair, a great pity, for it is still sound and weatherproof, and the expenditure of a small sum would save this interesting relic of the past.

All over the town houses dating from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries may be seen, for that was the time when Culross was at the zenith of its fortunes. It had busy collieries and iron-works, and its smiths held a monopoly, granted them by James VI. in 1599, for the manufacture of girdles. The industry has long since died out, though one or two houses still have a big iron plate instead of the ordinary stone doorstep.

The Townhouse is of a later date than many of the houses, being built in the seventeenth century, while the tower belongs to the eighteenth.

On the hill above the town stood Culross Abbey, founded in 1217 and an important establishment of the Cistercian Monks. Part of the Abbey is still in use as a parish church, and judicious restoration has, within the last few years, done what it could to preserve the remains, but these late amends cannot undo

the vandalism of the past. It is the mere wreckage of an Abbey. It is not that the buildings were allowed to fall into ruin; time deals gently with old churches, and there is a dignity in their natural decay. What disgusts one here is the callousness with which the noble old building has been pulled to pieces and applied to vulgar uses; it has been treated with no reverence nor respect.

Ugly houses, built of the very stones of the church, occupy part of what was the nave, even part of the church wall is used as it stands and a house built on to it, surely an act of sacrilege.

A school, for which the Abbey also formed the quarry, stands at the gate, and the small part of the church which is left was saved obviously only because it could be made useful, and even it has suffered severely.

Within easy walking distance of Dunfermline lies the little village of Limekilns. The road runs past the cricket field and across the ridge by Hill House Farm, from which the ground slopes down to the Firth. The village itself, like Culross, lies nestling under

a wooded bank, at the very edge of the water.

It is difficult to realise that this was once a busy little port with its two harbours; but a modern seaport wants deeper waters than these, and the coasting smack is no longer the chief carrier of goods in these days of railway traffic. Almost hollowed out of the hillside is the great vault or storeroom, which belonged to Dunfermline Abbey, where the monks kept the wine and provisions landed for them at the little quay.

After a vain search for the small inn, where Alan Breck and David Balfour were so hospitably entertained, I set out along the shore for Rosyth, by a little footpath all overgrown with wild roses.

A mile or two ahead, the promontory of the Ferry Hills juts boldly out, and sheltered behind it is the haven of St. Margaret's Hope, its calm waters now the scene of bustling activity, for in a few years it will be transformed to Rosyth Naval base, and form our most important naval station on the East Coast. A little farther and a menacing notice-board

CULROSS FROM THE TERRACE

From a painting by
T. CORSAN MORTON.

forbids me to set foot within the precincts of His Majesty's dockyard, and so I have to skirt upwards and strike the main road.

Approaching Rosyth one comes to lines of offices built of corrugated zinc, in which a staff of clerks sit writing. It seems very strange to see a Government Department thus planted down in the midst of green fields. Below, long straight lines of black stretch across the water, the walls of the docks that are to be, with here and there a huge crane; half a dozen locomotives puff busily back and forward, the trucks are emptied with a rattle, and so the work goes on. Close by the offices are yards where are piled stacks of timber, blocks of concrete, and large granite stones. The last are packed carefully with wood between the layers, and each stone is numbered ready to be slipped into its place in the great granite walls.

Amid these colossal preparations for the warfare of the twentieth century it is very curious to come on the old Castle of Rosyth, a relic of the warfare of a more primitive age. The old Keep still rises proudly in the air, and

under its shadow runs a railway line with its perpetual stream of loaded trucks, while almost at the castle gate stands an ugly building of zinc.

A few hundred yards from the castle is one of the old-fashioned "doocots" which used to be attached to every mansion. The door being open I had the curiosity to look inside. It consists of a square tower some thirty feet high, and the inside of the walls is lined with partitions for the birds, built with square slabs of stone, like a honeycomb except that the cells are square instead of six sided. Such a doocot must have accommodated a huge flock of pigeons, which in those days formed an important part of the larder.

From Rosyth the road cuts across the neck of the peninsula to Inverkeithing, an ancient royal burgh dating its civic life from the twelfth century. It is built down the side of the hill, and, seen from below, the houses rise one tier above the other in the most picturesque way. The old-fashioned outside stairs are common here, and the old town cross with its unicorn still stands in the market-place.

The church, the jail, and the Townhouse are side by side, giving rise to the couplet—

> "Here stand the gospel and the law,
> Wi' hell's hole between the twa."

It was in Inverkeithing that Annabella Drummond, queen of Robert III., died in 1403, and the house which she occupied, on one side of the square, is still known as the "Palace."

Inverkeithing was the birthplace in 1735 of Samuel Greig, a naval officer of the old school who entered the service of Russia. In 1763 Russia, wishing to reorganise her navy, applied to this country for the loan of officers. Greig was one of those selected and soon rose to high eminence. In the Turkish war of 1769 the annexation of the Crimea was largely due to his efforts, and he was the designer of the famous fortifications of Cronstadt.

Since the beginning of the works at Rosyth, Inverkeithing has had a great influx of population, as most of the workmen are stationed there, large blocks of buildings having been erected for their accommodation.

In the future it bids fair to become a second

Devonport, as the dockyards are completed and engineering shops and all the associated industries rise around them.

North Queensferry lies at the extreme end of the rocky promontory which is crowned by the Ferry Hills golf course. The Ferry was said to have been first instituted by Queen Margaret, from whom it takes its name, and for long was under the jurisdiction of the monks of Dunfermline Abbey, who exacted a toll of every fourth and every fortieth penny. But now the Ferry has been superseded by the Forth Bridge, and so the traffic passes by overhead in a ceaseless stream, leaving the little town untouched.

Across Inverkeithing Bay is the little hamlet of St. David's, which once did a considerable export trade in coals, and a little farther on is Donibristle Castle where, in 1592, the "Bonnie Earl of Moray," of the old ballad, was basely murdered by the Marquis of Huntly—

"Long may his lady look frae the Castle Doune
Ere she see the Earl o' Moray come sounding through the toun."

At the dead of night Huntly, with a band of armed men, surrounded the castle and set it on fire. With the choice of perishing in the flames, or by the swords of his adversaries, Moray chose the latter course. "I will go out at the gate before your lordship," said his faithful friend Dunbar, and he did, to be instantly struck down, while Moray, a moment later, managed to burst through the ring of assassins and gain the beach. But a silk string on his doublet had caught alight in the flames and betrayed his hiding-place in the rocks, where he was overtaken and slain.

Donibristle was once the residence of the Abbot of Inchcolm, being only a couple of miles from the island, which lies a little farther down the Firth. This was not the only property on the mainland which belonged to the monks of Inchcolm. At one time a certain Alan Mortimer left them a piece of land near Aberdour, on condition that his body should be buried within the precincts of the Abbey.

But when the remains of the donor, placed

in a heavy stone coffin, were being ferried over, a sudden storm came on, and, to lighten the boat, the coffin was thrown overboard. The channel has since then borne the name of "Mortimer's deep."

CHAPTER IX

KIRKCALDY

KIRKCALDY stands by itself among Fifeshire towns. Most of the little seaports which fringe the Forth have turned into watering-places, or else linger on in a state of semi decay, for the days when the carrying trade of the country was done by little coasting schooners is past, and so their main occupation is gone.

Kirkcaldy, like Dunfermline, is a busy industrial town, modern in every respect. But while in Dunfermline the past lingers on side by side with the present, for one cannot ignore the old Abbey and the crumbling palace ruins, Kirkcaldy has put her past behind her, and lives for the present and the future.

Perhaps it is because there is nothing particularly venerable in her past, and she would prefer it to be forgotten. The old proverb says,

"Some say the diel's deid and buried in Kirkcaldy," and legend goes on to explain circumstantially the continuous growth of the "lang toun," creeping like a snake along the shore, by the interesting information, that his satanic feet kept cropping up through the ground, and that new houses had continually to be added to quiet his complaint, "My taes is cauld, my taes is cauld."

However that may be, the town has grown till now it extends from Linktown in the west, through Pathhead, almost to Dysart in the east, and inland stretches away to Gallatown. Not but what there is an old part in Kirkcaldy, but it has little to distinguish it beyond the fact that it is less prosperous and a little dirtier than the new.

In one of the closes off Kirk Wynd was born, nearly two hundred years ago, Adam Smith, whose work, the *Wealth of Nations*, created the science of political economy, but the building which was his birthplace has long since been swept away. In Kirk Wynd, too, is the house where Carlyle lived for the two years during which he taught in the Burgh

RAVENSCRAIG CASTLE, KIRKCALDY

From a painting by

GEO. STRATON FERRIER, R.I.

School of Kirkcaldy. A strange schoolmaster he must have made, if he carried that irascible, explosive, but wonderfully vivid style of his into the classroom.

In Kirk Wynd, as the name shows, is also the old church, with a fine square tower of the typical Fifeshire shape. In 1828 this church was the scene of a strange catastrophe. The famous Edward Irving was to preach, and the building was crowded. Suddenly the gallery at the back, overweighted by the mass of people, with a series of rending cracks slowly tilted forward and fell, a mass of woodwork and struggling people, into the area below. Although only one person was killed by the actual fall of the gallery, in the panic-stricken rush for the doors which followed twenty-seven people were crushed to death, and many injured.

But to return to the present. The air is heavy with the smell of linoleum, for that is the chief manufacture of the town, and engineering works, too, abound. The harbour is being enlarged, and everything speaks of business and prosperity. A service of electric cars con-

nects the towns in the district, and is largely taken advantage of by the millworkers, who throng them morning and evening. The conductor always seems to have room for one or two more, and has no objection to parcels.

In Gallatown is the Wemyss pottery, where the well-known Wemyss ware is made, and which is well worth a visit. The courteous proprietors are always ready to show visitors over the works, where the whole fascinating process, from the first stages, the wet clay moulded on the quickly spinning potter's wheel, the painting of the designs, down to the final firing, may be followed step by step.

Pathhead, now continuous with Kirkcaldy, was once famous for the manufacture of nails, employing no less than a hundred smiths in the trade, and Dysart, just to the north, was a busy mining town, for Tennant writes in *Anster Fair*—

> "Then from the coal-pits Dysart vomits forth
> Her subterranean men of colour dun.
> Poor human mouldwarps doomed to scrape in earth
> Cimmerian people, strangers to the sun."

It was famous, too, for the manufacture of

salt, so that "to carry saut to Dysart" was the same as "to carry coals to Newcastle."

Two miles to the south of Kirkcaldy is the old-fashioned burgh of Kinghorn, where one steps back again into the atmosphere of the past. The name recalls the days when the Scottish monarchs made the neighbouring woods resound with the notes of their hunting horn, and for long the district seems to have been a favourite one with the royal house.

It was here that in March 1286 Alexander III. met his death, an event which plunged Scotland for nearly thirty years into the toils and miseries of a war of succession.

It was the last of a series of calamities. In 1283 Alexander, the heir to the throne, and his sister Margaret, had died at Cupar. In 1285 David, the younger brother, died, and the King, now childless, and seeing the danger of dying without an heir, married again. Tradition says that at the wedding festivities, held in Jedburgh, an apparition appeared warning him of death. Another legend says that Michael Scott of Balwearie, the famous

magician, that same year while riding with the King at Kinghorn prophesied that the spirited charger, which the monarch rode, would be the cause of his death. The King drew his dagger and then and there stabbed the horse to the heart, and its carcase was thrown by the roadside. But as he rode by on that fatal night next March, it was the bleached skeleton gleaming in the moonlight that caused his horse to shy, and horse and rider fell over the cliff.

"Never," says the old chronicle, "was there more lamentatione and sorrow for a king in Scotland than for him."

Kinghorn is now strongly fortified, and with Inchkeith takes a leading part in the defence of the Forth.

A little farther to the west is Burntisland, which derives its name from the volcanic nature of the hill lying behind the town. Dunearn Hill is really an extinct volcano, but time brings many changes, and the crater, once boiling with molten lava, now contains a lake which, lying high, is easily frozen, and is the resort of skaters and curlers. A ferry

plies to Granton which, before the days of the Forth Bridge, was the main route to East Fife, and still, in the summer months, does a busy trade.

Farther west still is Aberdour, beloved of Edinburgh trippers, who throng its beautiful woods. Close to the harbour stand the ruins of the old castle, which once belonged to Randolph, first Earl of Moray, but in 1341 passed into the hands of the Douglases, in whose family it still remains.

To the north of Dysart, between the villages of East and West Wemyss, is Wemyss Castle, a magnificent pile overlooking the shore. Here it was that Mary Queen of Scots first met Darnley, a fateful meeting for the unfortunate queen.

Past East Wemyss are the ruins of Macduff Castle, the seat of the ancient Thanes of Fife, and a mile farther on the little fishing village of Buckhaven.

But we again begin to approach signs of industry. At Methil great docks have been built by the railway company, from which Fifeshire coal is exported in vast quantities.

Methil is now the seat of a custom house, and the fishing-boats, that formerly were registered KY (Kirkcaldy), now have the letters ML (Methil).

Leven is a pleasant watering-place, with a good golf-course, but we shall find more of interest in the little village of Largo, nestling at the foot of Largo Law, on the shores of the open bay.

> "I cuist my line in Largo bay
> And fishes I caught nine;
> There's three to boil and three to fry
> And three to bait the line."

So says the old fishing song, and Largo is still a tiny fishing village with a clean sandy shore. The ground rises abruptly behind, and the curve of the bay shelters the village from the east wind, which lies open to the full warmth of the northern sun. Flowers grow there in profusion, for Largo has a different climate from the cold wind-swept villages farther east. To the west of the village lies Lundin Links, one of the best of the Fife golf-courses, of the real benty sandy soil, which makes the ideal golfing ground.

Associated with Largo is the name of Sir Andrew Wood, one of Scotland's earliest admirals, who, as a reward for one of his most famous exploits, had the gift from the Crown of the village of Largo. Andrew Wood was born in Leith, and was a wealthy merchant there. He owned two vessels, the *Flower* and the *Yellow Carvel*, which he commanded personally, and did a busy trade between Leith and the low countries. When the insurgent nobles rose against their weak and unfortunate, King James III., Wood, a staunch supporter of the throne, sailed with his two vessels up the Forth towards Stirling. Several times he landed with his brothers, John and Robert, and a detachment of men, hoping to render assistance to his royal master, but the battle of Sauchieburn was fought too far south for him to do more than rescue a number of fugitives from the defeated royal army. With these he sailed away and anchored in Leith Roads. The nobles, not knowing whether the King was dead or alive, and suspecting that he might have escaped in one of Wood's ships, marched to

Leith and sent a messenger to the captain, demanding whether the King was on board. Wood replied that he was not, and said that if they doubted his word they might come and search his ships.

Still unsatisfied with this they sent for Wood himself, but he bluntly refused to put his head in such a trap, unless hostages were given for his safe return, so Lords Fletcher and Seaton were sent to take his place on board, while he went ashore.

Wood landed and, on being led to the council of nobles, found the young prince (James IV.) with them. The boy who, a prisoner in the hands of the nobles, had seen little of the King for a long time, ran to him and cried, "Sir, are you my father?" "No," said Wood, with tears in his eyes, "I am not your father, but I am a servant to your father, and shall be to his authority till I die, and," he added, looking fiercely round on the company, "an enemy to them who were the cause of his overthrow."

Pressed again as to whether the King was on board, he said, "He is not in my

ships, but would to God he were there safely. I should defend and keep him harmless from all the treasonable creatures who have murdered him. And I hope to see the day when they shall be hanged and drawn for their demerits."

Meantime his prolonged absence had alarmed his brothers, and on his return he found them preparing to hang the two hostages from the yard-arm.

The insurgents tried hard to get volunteers to attack Wood in his ships, but none would go; Captain Barton, who knew him well, saying that Wood in his two ships, armed as they were, could fight any ten ordinary vessels.

No later than the very next year the new King and his nobles were glad to make peace with Wood. Five English ships had entered the Forth and done a lot of damage. At the request of the King, Wood sailed against them, but he would take no more than his own two ships.

He met the English fleet off Dunbar, and after a fierce engagement captured all five, and brought them in triumph to Leith. For

this exploit Wood received a royal licence to build a castle at Largo.

The English King, Henry VII., was much incensed at the indignity thus put on his sailors, and offered a pension of £1000 per annum and other rewards to the man who would bring him Sir Andrew Wood, alive or dead.

A certain Sir Stephen Bull took up the challenge, and in July 1490 set sail with three large vessels, and soon arrived at the mouth of the Forth. Wood was away, however, acting as consort to a convoy of merchant ships bound for Flanders, so Bull anchored off the Isle of May and waited his return. He had not long to wait, for on the 10th of August Wood's two vessels hove in sight. Wood at the beginning of the action secured the weather gauge, and the fight continued till nightfall, and was stubbornly renewed in the morning. But Wood was invincible and, as before, the English ships were taken every one and brought to Leith.

After this adventure he seems to have retired to his Castle at Largo, where he lived in great splendour. From his Castle to the

church he dug a canal, down which in his state barge he sailed to worship every Sunday.

Largo has another son, less illustrious but more famous than the old admiral, for here in 1676 was born Alexander Selkirk, the original Robinson Crusoe. The cottage where he was born has disappeared, but on the front of the building which now stands in its place is a lifelike presentment of the sailor, clad in his goat-skins, in the proper traditional style. The inscription reads—

"In memory of Alexander Selkirk, mariner, the original of Robinson Crusoe, who lived on the island of Juan Fernandez, in complete solitude for four years and four months. He died in 1723, lieutenant of H.M.S. *Weymouth*, aged 47 years. This statue is erected by David Gillies, net manufacturer, on the site of the cottage in which Selkirk was born."

It would seem as if Selkirk had been rather a turbulent citizen to the little town. In the session books from 1695 to 1701 his name frequently occurs in connection with brawls and assaults, and when ordered to appear before the session to answer for his misdeeds he

contemptuously ignored the summons. Altogether we expect his townsmen heaved a sigh of relief when in 1703 he sailed for the South Seas. Here again he quarrelled with his captain, and it was this quarrel which has made him a hero of fiction. He was landed on Juan Fernandez ("marooned" was the old sea term) with powder and shot, and the ship sailed away and left him to his own devices. But after all it was in the genius of Daniel Defoe more than the experience of Alexander Selkirk that the real Robinson Crusoe had his birth.

A few miles east of Largo we turn round Ruddon Point and Elie Ness and face the open sea.

Earlsferry, the old royal burgh, is now eclipsed by the newer town of Elie, a fashionable seaside resort, with its rows of villas, fine golf-links, and beautiful sands. Yet it was once an important place. Near by is Macduff's cave where he hid from Macbeth and was safely ferried over to Dunbar, thus giving the name of the Earlsferry to the town. After Macbeth's death Malcolm Canmore granted the burgh

this strange privilege, that, in memory of Macduff's escape, in future, no matter what crime a man might have committed, if he set sail from Earlsferry no boat should pursue until he had reached half-way across the Firth.

CHAPTER X

ST. MONANS

From Elie Ness to Fife Ness lies a strip of coast facing the open sea and studded by a line of little fishing towns—St. Monans, Pittenweem, Anstruther, Cellardyke, Crail.

Here have grown up a sturdy race of fishermen, who reap their perilous harvest from the sea with the same regularity as their brethren on the land, but at how much greater risk. For seldom a winter passes but one hears the same sad story, a boat with a crew of five or six men, probably several from the same family, for they stick together these fishermen, caught in a squall, and foundered at sea; or perhaps, in a desperate effort to reach safety, driven on the rocks by the very harbour's mouth. Fortunately the fishermen of the Forth have

met no such dire calamity as befell the town of Eyemouth on the 4th of October 1881, when seventy-six Eyemouth boats with a hundred and twenty-nine fishermen were lost.

The fishing dates from very early times, and formerly boats were small and the fishing comparatively close in shore, round the Isle of May being a favourite fishing ground. But now the deep-sea boats go far afield. They follow the herring in their migrations round the coast, beginning at Stornoway, or even on the West Coast of Ireland, and finishing up away south at Yarmouth. For the shoals of herrings, seeking their favourite spawning grounds, make the journey all round the coasts. Twice a year they do this. The winter drove and the autumn drove the shoals are called.

The herring fishing is the great industry of these towns, but of considerable importance, too, is the line fishing for cod, haddock, turbot, halibut, and other white fish, and again crab and lobster are not to be despised.

The methods pursued have been used for centuries. The herring are caught by means

of drift-nets—the large boats employed being termed "drifters." Each boat carries a "train" or "fleet" of some fifty or sixty nets. Each net is about ten yards deep, and the line of nets may stretch about two miles or more in length. A "pitch" having been selected,—and the fishermen are wise in all the signs that show the presence of herring, among the most notable of which is a sort of phosphorescent gleam on the water,—the nets are thrown out. The boat is pulled across the tide as the nets are "shot." They sink down a considerable distance under the surface, twenty or thirty feet, and are kept in an upright position by sinkers on the lower edge and corks on the upper. At intervals a large float is attached by a line to the nets, and lying on the surface indicates their position, as they drift with the tide.

At sunrise the nets are lifted, and a long hard pull it is. Formerly it was done by hand, but the more modern boats are fitted with a little steam-engine for hauling them in. The ship's boy with a scummer is ready to catch the fish that fall into the water as the

THE CHURCH, ST. MONANS

From a painting by

MASON HUNTER, R.S.W.

nets are drawn in, and the proceeds of these scummed fish often form his wages.

In the old days boys served a regular apprenticeship on the fishing-boats, and when their time expired their master was bound to fit them up with net and line. For in the old fishing-boats each man owned a certain number of nets, and most had shares in the boat, and the same system with some modification still holds good.

It is a great sight to see the boats come in of a morning. When two or three are close together it is a race for the harbour. Guesses as to the size of the catch are made from the way the boats lie in the water as they sail in, and questions are shouted as they near the quay. But be the catch great or small, the crew is taciturn and undemonstrative. Once moored to the harbour wall several men pass the nets through their hands, rapidly shaking the herring out of the folds into the bottom of the hold, as they pile the net on the deck. A tackle is rigged to the mast-head, to which a basket (a $\frac{1}{4}$-cran capacity) is attached; the herring are shovelled in with wooden

shovels, and then, with a musical creaking and rattle of block and tackle, are hoisted ashore. Formerly there used to be spirited bidding among the dealers for the catch; but now, as like as not, it is bought before the boat has ever left the shore. When the catch has been landed, comes the turn of the women. The herring are thrown, well soused with salt, into great troughs, round which the gutters stand. They wear big boots and tarpaulin aprons, and their fingers are bound with rags as a protection from cuts. Holding a sharp-pointed knife in the right hand, they seize a herring in their left; one jerk, and the knife is inserted above the gills and the contents wrenched away, the fish deftly thrown into one of three different tubs, according to its size. So quick are they at this work, that a clever gutter will pass through her hands from twenty to thirty fish a minute.

The herring are then packed in barrels with more salt; allowed to stand for a day to settle down, then more are packed in and the barrel closed. Brine is poured in at the bung-hole till no more can be absorbed, the vent is

corked up, and the cask is ready for the railway. That is, of course, those which are destined for sale as salt herring.

Those to be sold as fresh herrings or to be cured as kippers, bloaters, or red herrings are treated differently, and go off to the curing yards from the gutters.

The nets used to be made by hand, by the fishermen's wives and daughters, a number meeting together for the purpose, but they can now be made much more cheaply by machinery, though the repairing is still done by the fisherman's faithful mate. Once a fortnight the nets have to be barked, as a protection against the salt water. They are dyed brown, by being boiled with "cutch" and dried on the shore. Formerly made of hemp, they are now invariably made of cotton. The nets for the winter fishing are white instead of brown, and are rather finer in the mesh.

Next in importance to the herring fishing is the line fishing. As a rule it lasts for seven or eight weeks in the spring, and is of quite a different nature from the herring fishing. Each boat carries at least five lines

a man, thirty lines for seven men. Each line is of seventy-five fathoms, and carries one hundred and twenty hooks (each hook being attached to the main line by a piece of cord two or three feet long called a "snood"). The whole line, then, has four thousand two hundred hooks, and extends for a distance of three miles. Ropes with buoys mark its position as it lies on the bottom. The bait varies, whelks and mussels being largely used, in which case the lines are baited by the fishermen's wives before the boat starts. I remember a fisherwoman telling me that during the winter fishing she was up every morning at four o'clock baiting the lines.

These lines are laid, if possible, before daylight, and after lying three hours are lifted in the morning. With a steam haul it takes nine hours to get in the line and by hand twelve hours. Though the great bulk of the white fish landed in the country is trawled, yet there is always a keen demand for line fish, which arrive in much better condition, and fetch better prices in the market.

This fishing is combined with the winter herring fishing and the herring used for bait,

though a large quantity are also exported to Hamburg, or sent fresh to market.

In this case the nets are shot early, and when they are drawn two men are kept baiting continually as hard as they can, while the others lay the lines. In some places an artificial bait is used; in Pittenweem, for instance, an imitation herring known as a "sprool."

The winter herring fishing used to be entirely for bait, and was only conducted in sheltered bays in shore. It never seemed to have occurred to the fishermen as possible that the great droves could be in the open sea, as in summer-time. The story is still told of how the discovery was made.

One winter night the *Boy Harry* of Cellardyke, when the skipper, old Alexander Cunningham, saw signs in the offing so distinctive of the presence of herring, that, mad as the idea seemed to him, he could not help saying to his son, "Man, what do you say to shoot?" "Just as weel dae that, feyther, in Renny Hill Park," replied his undutiful offspring, and wrapping his head in his jacket (there were no bunks then) he went to sleep

between the timbers. But the old skipper could not disbelieve the evidence of his own eyes, and the result was that the nets were shot. In due time up they came again, glittering with herring. Old Cunningham was in ecstasies. Crying, "Clash them in the lubber's chafts, Tam," he flung a handful into the sleeper's face, and all hands turned to, to get them in.

Though we hear sorrowful tales of the decline of the fishing of late years, yet if this is the case it must chiefly be from over-fishing, for the strides the industry has made in the last hundred years are enormous.

In the year 1778 the report issued by David Loch, inspector of fisheries, showed that there were eleven boats in Crail, fifteen at Cellardyke, four at Pittenweem, thirteen at St. Monans, and nearly the same number of yawls at the white fishing. Exactly a hundred years later, in 1878, the list reads: Crail, thirty-two boats; Anstruther and Cellardyke, two hundred; Pittenweem, eighty-two; St. Monans, one hundred and thirty-five; and since then the boats have grown, not merely in numbers, but in size. The great growth in

the product of the fisheries has been due to the increased facilities afforded for rapid transit by the railways, so that fresh and lightly cured fish, as well as the less perishable salted herring, can be dispatched at once to all parts of the country. It is an undoubted fact, however, that though the number of boats has been increased of late years, yet the total of fish caught is much the same as before.

The question is rather a complicated one. With regard to the herring fishing, it has always been more or less of a fluctuating nature. From 1790 to 1795, for instance, it was almost a total failure, yet it soon recovered and was as successful as ever. Certainly it is much less common to catch the herring close in shore than it used to be, a fact probably accounted for by the great increase of shipping round the coast, and especially of steam traffic. With regard to the white fishing, it seems undeniable that trawling has had a very detrimental effect on the fishing grounds, but the main cause of the scarcity is simply overfishing, and the real remedy is probably to be found in the extension of the fish hatcheries,

which have already been used experimentally by various governments.

The boats employed by the East Coast fishermen are very distinctive, and are all of the same rig. Pointed alike at bow and stern, they are broad in beam and very strongly built, with fine swelling lines and deep keel, giving both stability and carrying capacity. On the black hull, just above the water line, runs a band of white paint, which as the boat rises and falls on the swell gleams like a fish's belly. The sail is a simple lug, and the little bowsprit carries a jib if required. The large boats have a mizzen-mast as well, and carry a spinnaker for running before the wind ; and, latest innovation, some of the newest boats have a little screw propeller, with an oil engine for use in calms.

There are three styles of boat employed, first the yawl which is the smallest, an open boat, some fifteen feet in length, now used chiefly for the crab and lobster fishing. This is more the style of boat of the olden days, the longer deep-sea craft being the product of recent years.

Then come the half-decked boats, midway between the yawl and the deep-sea boats. And lastly the great drove boats. These last have been growing larger and larger of late.

About a hundred years ago old David Birrel, the Cellardyke fisherman, pronounced a boat twenty-nine feet long as, "Too big, I say, either to row or sail"; but the latest deep-sea drifters are seventy feet in length. The cost, too, has risen immensely. In 1840 the hull of a boat cost about one hundred pounds, by 1891 the price had grown to three hundred, and now with gear and fittings, steam-engine for hauling the nets, etc., the cost of a large boat does not fall short of seven hundred pounds. Added to this are the nets, each costing some three pounds, so that the total cost of the boat as ready for sea is about a thousand pounds.

Now even these heavy and magnificent boats are getting out of date, and for some years almost none have been built, for the latest development is the steam-drifter.

The skipper of the *Olive Leaf* was good enough to take me over his vessel just before

she sailed, a steam-drifter of the newest type. Nine men she carried, and though she cost £2550, without nets, they owned the boat between them. This is by no means exceptional, for though in some places the boats are owned by syndicates, and merely worked by the fishermen, in these little Fifeshire towns the bulk of the boats are the property of the fishermen themselves, a fact which speaks volumes for their industry and thrift. With a comfortable cabin and forecastle, she was luxurious compared with the old half-decked boat, over whom she had even more important advantages. Calms do not affect her. When the nets are hauled she straightway steams for home, and she can fish close in on a lea shore when a sailing boat dare not approach.

A few minutes afterwards I stood at the pier-head, and watched the boats go out. First came a series of steam-drifters, the *Olive Leaf* among them, scuttering along like water-hens under a cloud of black smoke, with whistles tooting, a most undignified exit. Then followed a big sailing boat. As the great sail was hauled up, slowly and grace-

fully she moved out, noiseless except for the creak of block and tackle and the ripple at her bows, heeling over as the breeze caught her, and slipping away like a thing of life. It seems a pity to think that in a few years those handsome vessels will be a thing of the past. For the departure of the fishing fleet is one of the most beautiful pictures our coast can show.

A typical little fishing town is St. Monans, devoted to that and nothing else. The houses tumble down the cliff to the little harbour, and the children tumble down to the boats as soon as they can walk. In every open space, great poles are erected to hang the nets on to dry, and at the end of the town you will find them spread out on the green grass. There are now over a hundred boats belonging to the town and owned by the townsfolk. And the harbour was enlarged fifty years ago, the foundation stone of the new part being laid in 1863 on the marriage of the late King Edward. But as a rule it is almost empty except at the end of the week.

At the west end of the town stands the beautiful little church, which makes St. Monans

so beloved of artists. I never saw a church so close to the shore. At high tides the waves wash the churchyard wall and splash you as you enter the gate.

One can imagine in the wild winter days, when the howling wind shakes the church walls and the rain batters against the window-panes, with what sincerity and earnestness would spring from the lips of the congregation the hymn for those in peril on the sea.

Of all the little Fife churches I have seen St. Monans is in by far the best state of preservation. It was built in 1362 by David II., and Sir William Dishington, Sheriff of Fife, who had the estate of Ardross near by, was made "master of the work," collecting the money required, procuring the materials, paying the workmen, and so on.

The church is of a handsome reddish stone, and is roofed with fine grey stone slates, which have taken on all sorts of rich hues. It consists of a chancel and transepts, the squat little tower standing at the junction. It is so low that its vaulted roof is only some twelve feet higher than the roof of the church itself.

Though swept bare, and filled in with the old wooden box pews, the church has suffered but little, either from the hands of time or the reformers, and only wants the removal of the whitewash, with which the walls are covered, to make it beautiful.

A richly carved canopy marks the position of an old tomb, and in the wall is set a tablet, of more recent date, in memory of Lieutenant Henry Anstruther who, a mere lad of eighteen, was killed at the battle of Alma while bearing the colours of his regiment. In one of the transepts hangs a model of an old three-decker, a quaint relic of bygone days.

The little churchyard, too, like the town, smacks of the sea, and is full of the graves of fishermen and mariners. The gate by which you enter is so near the beach that in stormy weather it has to be closed, and another opened at the other end of the enclosure.

Little more than a mile to the west lies Pittenweem, a larger and busier edition of St. Monans, with more life at the harbour, and with more of the grime and mess of the fishing. Rows of barrels stand on the quay, and

the women are busy at the big vats gutting the herring.

In the High Street are some good old houses, one in particular which was once the Earl of Kellie's town house, now rather spoilt by a shop built in front of it. The church has a fine tower of the typical Fifeshire shape, square with a short steeple, this being rather a more ornate example than usual, with an elaborate parapet at top and gargoyles jutting out all round. A little farther on one comes to a small building half smothered in ivy, with an ecclesiastical look, and a coat of arms with a bishop's mitre carved on it. Inquiry elicits the information that it is part of the old Priory, now in use as a chapel by the Episcopalian Church.

In 1705 Pittenweem gained rather unenviable notoriety from a series of persecutions of old women for witchcraft, which culminated in a particularly flagrant and cruel case, and set the pamphleteers of the day on both sides writing, condemning, and upholding the action of the magistrates.

It seems that a blacksmith, one Patrick

Morton, being taken ill, declared that he was bewitched, and on his instigation a number of old women were thrown into prison. Bullied by the magistrates and ministers of the town by day, and tortured by their guards by night, who never let them sleep, but kept them awake by pricking them with pins, these miserable old women were soon induced to confess anything. One woman in particular, Beatrice Layng, had been singled out by Morton for his special vengeance. He said that she came asking him to make some nails for her. He, believing they were for some evil purpose, refused to do so, and she went off muttering imprecations. When he fell ill, she was heard to say, "He micht blame his ane tongue for his ill." On this tissue of trivialities she was imprisoned, and practically under torture she acknowledged to the ministers and magistrates that she had made a wax image of Morton and stuck pins in it. After a long period of judicial bullying she was set free or, in other words, handed over to the mob to work their will on her. Hung on a rope, between a ship and the shore, she

was pelted with stones till half dead, and finally pressed to death under a door. It seems that in those days no one was safe against the wildest accusations which might be brought against him.

PITTENWEEM

From a painting by

T. CORSAN MORTON.

CHAPTER XI

ANSTRUTHER AND CELLARDYKE

The chief of these fishing towns is Anstruther, with its neighbour, Cellardyke. Anstruther is a much bigger place than St. Monans or Pittenweem, and with its spacious harbour forms the great rallying place for herring-boats all round the Firth. Here are the big fish-curing yards, sail-makers, rope-makers, places for barking nets, and all the other various industries connected with the trade. Characteristic too, the buildings round the harbour are much less picturesque than in the two smaller towns, for they are more modern, a sure sign of prosperity.

Anstruther has, however, a history stretching far into the past. Dreel Castle, the old seat of the Anstruthers, just overhanging the harbour, could tell many tales, one of which concerning how the house of Anstruther came by its coat

of arms, must take a place on our stage by itself, as a fine old-world melodrama.

Away back in the days of Robert III. Sir William Anstruther lived at Dreel Castle with his only daughter Margaret. "Fisher Willie" he is called, for he loved to spend his time on the Firth, a scourge to the pirates there, and, if truth be told, a thorn in the side of neighbours, towards whom he was not well disposed. The daughter, in all the bloom of her youth, tall and slender, with golden hair and deep blue eyes, is the pride of the countryside. She is just home from a prolonged stay at the Court, where, though her fond father little knows it, her heart has been captured by the gay and debonair Patrick Home, the son of the Earl of Home. But there is trouble brewing here, for the two families have been bitter enemies since the days when a Home slew Sir William's grandfather in a fight on the Firth.

And now enters the villain of the piece.

The Laird of Thirdpart, near by, their next neighbour in fact, low in stature, a man of infamous reputation, cunning and deceitful, conceives a violent passion for the fair Margaret,

and riding up to Dreel Castle formally asks her hand in marriage.

A stormy scene ensues between old Sir William and the suitor. What! Marry his daughter Margaret, the brightest ornament of the royal Court, to a penniless Fife Laird! Doubtless he thinks by that means to make himself "King of Anstruther walk"; but he has reckoned without his host. And Thirdpart, choking with rage, spluttering oaths and threats, goes down the castle stair and rides away. So ends the first act.

Act II., Scene I., finds the Laird of Thirdpart in his own castle, gnawing his beard, and turning over schemes for revenge in his mind. But Dreel Castle is a hard nut to crack. Yet stay, what if he had Sir William here? A crafty smile creeps over his sinister features, and the plan unfolds itself. A few minutes later a messenger from Thirdpart bears a letter to Sir William, with a humble and obsequious apology for his presumption, which he now realises, and which he can only excuse by the fact that the fair Margaret, whom he shall for ever adore, but whom he now renounces, had

turned his brain. But it bodes ill to lose an old friend, so, will Sir William accept this frank apology, and, in token that all enmity is at an end between them, visit him next day at his Castle of Thirdpart and bring the fair Margaret with him.

Margaret's lip curls with disdain, but bluff Sir William's anger has vanished. After all, the man is a neighbour and an old friend; he has made a manly and a frank apology, so why not let bygones be bygones. As to Margaret's dread of the Castle of Thirdpart, he laughs it to scorn. The messenger carries back a hearty acceptance.

But, in the dead of night, some one thunders at the Castle gate. The surly warder parleys with him, tells him to wait till morning; but no, he has business with Sir William that will not brook delay.

So the visitor is admitted, a beggar ragged and torn, but tall and of commanding mien. "Sir William," he cries, "beware of Thirdpart. Invited there to-morrow, you go to your death." He then tells how, having come to Thirdpart in the evening, the Laird, under

oaths of secrecy, had bribed him to murder the Earl of Anstruther next day. Once in possession of so deadly a secret, he had been secured in a strong room, till the deed should be done; but that, with a rope which he carried (the old Earl's suspicions might have been aroused here), he had let himself out of the window, and come to tell his tale.

"Aha," cried Sir William, "plot for plot; if he play me cunning, I shall play him cunning. He shall visit *me* to-morrow, but come you with him that I may test if your tale be true."

The beggar went as he came, and, climbing his rope, lay down again in his locked chamber. In the morning the Laird receives a courteous letter from Sir William. A passing indisposition prevents his coming to Thirdpart that day; will he excuse the postponement of the visit, and that they may meet and renew their friendship just the same, will he not come himself to Dreel Castle instead?

The Laird is bitterly disappointed, but, after all, his plan is but postponed for a day or two. The beggar is told to remain in the vicinity; a boat lies at Elie for his escape when his work

is done. Shall he not go to Dreel? Well, he may; who knows but what an opportunity might arise even there? So, followed by the beggar man, the Laird of Thirdpart sets out.

But honest Sir William cannot long play a double part, and when Thirdpart climbs the stair, closely followed by his strange henchman, he finds the irate knight standing at the top, pole-axe in hand.

"Base villain," he cries, "how darest thou pollute this castle with a smile to-day, when yesterday thou wouldst have stabbed me to the heart." Then, catching sight of the beggar man, "Look behind thee, and confess thy guilt." The Laird looked, turned pale, and cried, "Traitor," and at that confirmation of his suspicions, Sir William heaved up the axe and sent it crashing through his brain.

But with the lifeless body lying on the stair, his anger fades, and he begins to wonder what is to happen next, for, after all, the Laird of Thirdpart is a well-known man, and, what is worse, has friends at Court.

"The King," he cries—"the King must be told; he alone can remedy this evil hap."

So, ordering the beggar to be detained, and putting on his best and richest coat, in the pockets of which he stuffs all the title-deeds of his Castle and estates, in an hour's time he is off to the King's Court at Stirling.

Arriving there, "A boon, a boon, your Majesty," he cries.

"What, my burly knight of Anstruther! Welcome! welcome! How doth the fair Margaret? One word of her before aught else."

"My daughter is well, sire, but may it please thee to listen to the suit I have humbly to prefer?"

"Speak, Sir William Anstruther; it would be a hard asking which I will refuse to a tried servant like thee."

"I have, then, your Majesty, humbly to crave that I may live to wear this coat upon my back and possess all that it contains."

The King and his courtiers at this droll request gave way to a burst of merriment, and the King cried, "Thou hast thy boon and thy coat along with it, Sir William."

But as the laughter died away, and it was

seen that the worthy knight, though relieved, still looked grave, on the suggestion of a courtier, an explanation of his strange request was desired.

The King looked grave, too, as he heard the story, but said he, "If the beggar can be produced to confirm your tale, my word shall stand."

And so, his errand safely accomplished, Sir William returns to Dreel.

"All is well, Meg," he cries, "and I have now a debt to meet which must stand unpaid no longer. I owe this man my life," pointing to the beggar, evidently always on the spot at the right moment. "How thinkst thou he should be repaid?"

"He has the warmest gratitude of a daughter," said fair Margaret.

"By my honour," cries her father explosively," "are fathers so plenty, so little worth, so lightly esteemed, that a daughter can give but the frozen language of her mouth for such a noble act as this? No, nothing less than thy hand in marriage shall be his reward!"

FISHERFOLK OF FIFE

From a painting by
ROBERT HOPE.

"Oh, father, dearest father," cries she, all in tears. "Alas, I love another!"

"He shall be thy husband," shouts the irate parent, "though thou lovest a hundred. I swear it by my father's bones!" and the beggar having risen and attempting to expostulate, in his exasperation he seizes hold of his tangled black locks. They come off in his hand, and there stands the handsome and martial Patrick Home who, disguised as a beggar, had come seeking to visit Margaret secretly in the Castle at Dreel, when chance led him to Thirdpart.

And so the old feud between the Homes and the Anstruthers is healed, the lovers are united, and the coat of arms of the Anstruthers to this day bears an arm with a pole-axe as its device.

It was to Anstruther too that Maggie Lauder, the heroine of the song, belonged, and tradition still points out the house in East Green where she lived.

But the town has long since left these days behind it and is now a busy bustling place. Not the trim seaside watering-place, for in

the season the smell of the herring is everywhere. The harbour is crowded with barrels, so much so that printed regulations are stuck up enjoining on curers the necessity for preserving an uninterrupted thoroughfare, and the great vats are surrounded by busy girls and women. All day long the clash of tongues is loud and lively, but they never stop their work—tongues and hands go together.

At the end of the week the harbour is a great sight, the big drove boats filling it from side to side. In orderly rows they lie, each hull with its gleaming band of white, and the forest of masts and cordage swaying gently to and fro.

The names of the boats are curious. The virtues are favourites, *Reliance*, *Utility*, *Gratitude*, *Watchful*; some have a more poetic turn, *Lively Hope*, *Family Pride*, *Sunbeam*, *Morning Star*; while others follow the familiar custom of choosing the name of the skipper's wife or daughter, *Kate Gow*, *Mary Jane*, *Jane and Maggie's*, and so on, and each bears in large white letters and figures the name of the Custom House where the boat is registered and

its number. "KY" (Kirkcaldy) used to be the registration port of the Anstruther and Cellardyke boats, but now it is changed to (Methil) "ML." Other names we see, "LH" (Leith), "BK" (Berwick), are common too in the Firth, but the bulk of them are "KY."

Most of the boats belong to Cellardyke, which, now continuous with Anstruther, forms a little township populated almost solely by fisherfolks. Prosperous they are too, owning their boats, and with well-built, comfortable houses, most of which have been rebuilt of recent years.

Skinfasthaven was the old name of the place (contracted to Skimfie), and its own little harbour lies some distance to the east, but from ancient times the Cellardyke fishermen have had the right of landing their fish free at Anstruther harbour, a privilege which in 1755 brought them into conflict with the town authorities.

It seems that the burgh of Anster was in debt. The town was trying hard to raise money, and Treasurer Johnston ("greedy Jamie," he was called) conceived the brilliant

idea of making the Cellardyke boats pay teinds on their catch, as the other boats did.

A decree was formed accordingly, but the season was a very bad one, and for awhile no occasion arose to put it in force. Towards the end of September, however, eleven Cellardyke boats came in with heavy catches, and the tax-collector was down on them like a wolf on the fold. Needless to say, the sturdy fishermen refused to pay. As Kirsty Powsie, the strapping wife of one of them, cried, "They wudna allow ony bailie in Anstruther to mak' a hole in their bairnies' parritch cup," and so the eleven skippers were called on to appear before the court of the Admiral of Fife at Anstruther.

Now, an Admiral's Court was perhaps an excellent thing if the Admiral were on the spot, but he seldom was, and his duties were carried out by deputy, and here jobbery creeps in. The Admiral-Substitute is John Cunningham, a local lawyer and a great friend of Bailie Johnston's; a tall, thin man with sloping shoulders and a slight stoop. "Gin he looted it wasna that justice burdened his back," said the fisherwives.

At the opening of the proceedings, Bailie Johnston read an old charter dated 1636, wherein the minister of Kilrenny (in whose parish Cellardyke lies) granted to the town council of Anstruther the teinds of all fish landed at the harbour of that town so far as those belonged to the vicarage of Kilrenny, and the fishermen were called on to make their defence.

Ill at ease, as they stood there in their rough blue jackets, amid such surroundings, still Skipper Miller spoke up boldly. He had been to the Laird, Mr. Henry Bethune, who told him that the Anster bailies were a set of reiving loons, as he, the Laird, could prove by papers in his charter chest, which his man of business would look out and send to Cellardyke without delay. An adjournment of the trial was asked till this evidence could be produced.

With an ill grace the delay was granted, Bailie Johnston hoping with a sneer that "Mr. Bethune would be able to give his mandatory a new coat as well as a charter by the next court." But when the next court came the

charter was produced, proving the Cellardyke fishermen free from all teinds except those paid to the Lairds of Kilrenny, so that the fishermen emerged triumphantly from the ordeal.

In our secure and sheltered lives we have little idea of the life in these little towns a hundred years ago. It was a rougher, harder age. The struggle with the elements of nature was fiercer, for boats were frail and small, and the Firth was not "lighted like Princes Street." But, apart from these inevitable forces of nature, there was a scourge more feared and hated than them all—the press-gang. For twenty long years it was the dread of the fishing towns; for though a landsman might serve at a pinch, it was those hardy fishermen, trained sailors, that were the prizes most coveted by the navy.

Sir John Anstruther, Member of Parliament and the friend of Pitt, might well hold a supper in the Old Tolbooth to usher in the new century, and, amid the applause of the listening councillors, speak of "the evil star of Napoleon, the enemy, not of Britain only, but of mankind," and call on them to remember the "glorious

traditions of their country, to draw the sword, defend the right, till the God of battles would establish victory and peace on the ruin of their enemies." "Grand speech," hiccups the Bailie, going home safe in the certificate or "protection" which relieves him from service. "It's easy speakin'," bitterly says the fisherman, whose brother has been seized the night before, torn from his wife and children, by the gun-brig which had crept in disguised as a collier.

For, in truth, the press-gang was more feared than the tempest. The smuggler was never more watchful and wary against the "King's ships" than the honest fisherman at his lawful calling.

Once at sea, they feared them little, it is true, except in sudden calms, for the light fishing-boats could show their heels to any frigate or cutter, but the press-gang on shore was less easily evaded.

Fired with drink and armed to the teeth, they would steal into the town at midnight, and, helped by secret spies, attack the sleeping households like brigands. Sometimes the sleepers have been forewarned, and a cunning

trap-door hidden below the bed or the old kist in the corner lets them escape. Sometimes, even, they oppose force to force, and officer and men are sent down the beach to their boat amid a shower of stones and a volley from the shrill tongues of the fisherwives.

Here is the tale of a Fife fisherman in those stirring times, the facts of which are recorded by George Gourlay in his interesting memorials of Cellardyke. David Wilson was born in 1792, the son of a farm labourer, at Brownhills near St. Andrews. But the sea called him early, and at the age of twelve he had left the farm and was cabin-boy in the little Kirkcaldy smack, *Maggie Lauder*, coasting to and from London. Here, buffeted about by wind and weather and captain and crew—for the cabin-boy of a coasting smack had a rough life of it—he stuck for awhile, his next ship being an over-sea sailing brig of Dunbar; while on this craft he was thrown one stormy day from the top gallant yard into the sea, and after an hour's struggle with the waves was hauled in again more dead than alive. But no such experi-

ANSTRUTHER

From a painting by
J. LAWTON WINGATE, R.S.A

ence could cool his ardour or quench his love for the sea, and we next find him in the *Advice* of Dundee off on a whaling cruise to Greenland.

Everything goes well till on the homeward voyage, when all hands are on the look out for the welcome hills of Scotland, a sail is espied. It is the war-brig *Pickle*. David Wilson and his comrades do not require to be told her errand, and the old whaler staggers along under all the sail she can carry. But she is no match in speed for the swift pursuer who soon ranges alongside. "Round to!" thunders the captain through his speaking-trumpet.

What is to be done? To disobey the orders of a king's ship is a serious offence. Yet David Wilson and his fellows will not surrender, neither, however, do they wish to land their captain (who, honest man, would fain obey) in an English prison, so with kindly force captain and officers are driven into the cabin and secured there, while David Wilson stands at the wheel and the ship drives on her course.

Thus defied, the captain of the *Pickle* steers his vessel across the bows of the whaler, but Wilson holds on grimly without swerving a hairbreadth, and the cruiser's helm is put down suddenly just in time to avoid a collision. "Round to, or I'll sink you," bellows the captain again, but there is never a reply, and so the cruiser opens fire. Bullet after bullet strikes the wheel, but still Wilson holds on, till at last, sails and rigging riddled by cannon shot, the old whaler lies a disabled hulk on the water. The vessel is boarded; Wilson, regarded as the ringleader, is put in irons, for "mutiny on the high seas," for such, if he will answer his captor's questions, his treatment of the whaler captain can be proved to be.

But David with Scotch dourness keeps his tongue between his teeth, and the enraged commander throws him below with a six-foot iron bar across his legs and his hands riveted to the ring bolts. In this plight he finds an unexpected friend, one of the crew, a broken London lawyer, himself now suffering for some petty offence and cherishing the

bitterest hate against the captain. So when Wilson appears before the Court in London, primed by his new friend, he pleads his case so well that he is acquitted, but, alas! he is still a captive and is sent back to serve as a king's man in the ship where he had lain in irons. He has this satisfaction at least, that he sees the captain, who maltreated him so grossly, cashiered for cruelty and conduct unworthy of his service.

At home every one knew the story of David Wilson and his stand at the helm of the *Advice*. His jacket, with a bullet (cut out from the wheel) in one pocket and a weightier and more practical gift in the other, was sent by his Dundee friends to his parents in Fife, but it was long before he himself set foot there.

On board the *Pickle* Wilson earned the golden opinions of his officers as a bold and skilful seaman, but he was never reconciled to his position. If he must fight the French, to which he seems to have had no serious objection, he would rather fight for his own hand; his forcible entry into the King's

service to his logical Scotch mind amply justified as unceremonious a departure, so he makes no scruple of deserting with his boat's crew at Jersey, joining a vessel holding letters of marque and trading to the Mediterranean.

But ill-luck pursues him again and the vessel is captured in the Bay of Biscay by two French privateers.

He and his fellow-prisoners are marched, the sport of the mob, to an old church where they are housed for the night, sleeping on straw, but some patriot, eager to avenge the wrongs of his country, sets the church on fire and they have a narrow escape from perishing in the flames. In an inland citadel they experience all the trials of captivity until the victory of Waterloo throws open the prison doors. And so at last he returns home to his mother, now in Pittenweem, sturdily earning her living by spinning yarn for the herring-nets, but for awhile he lives ill at ease, for the authorities may not have forgotten that he is a deserter. The trouble does blow over, however ; he marries in Cellardyke and takes to the sea again as a fisherman,

seeing his children and grandchildren grow up around him, and dies at last in 1875 at the ripe age of eighty-three.

And this is not an isolated case. The Pratts of Cellardyke, father and son, could each tell a moving tale. The father, old Alexander Pratt, was one of the veterans of the naval volunteer reserve, who responded to the call and went out with Admiral Gambier to Copenhagen in 1807. The Cellardyke men played their part well in that bloody battle, but even better in the terrific storm that burst on the squadron on the way home. In the height of the tempest, Pratt, stationed in the foretop of a three decker, suddenly saw the gleam of white breakers close ahead. "Wear the ship," he shouted; "we're ashore on the Goodwins." The steersman hesitated, but Pratt leapt to the deck and, throwing discipline to the winds, seized the wheel and brought the ship round, undeterred even by the threatening pistol of the officer of the watch. The ship was saved, and not only the ship, but the squadron of five vessels that followed in her wake and repeated the manœuvre.

His son Robert rivals Wilson in the adventures which crowded so thickly upon him.

A cabin-boy at the age of eleven in the Excise yacht, *Prince of Wales*, he started in the King's service and four years later transferred to the Dundee whaler, *Mary Ann*. But the Greenland ships were favourite hunting-grounds of the press-gang, and after one voyage he changed to the *Hope* trading between Leith and London. It was a case, however, of out of the frying-pan into the fire, for he was seized before they weathered Inchkeith. Undismayed, the youth, watching his chance, sprang from the fore-chains of the guard-ship on to the rigging of the ferry smack, *Providence*, which tacked under her lee in half a gale of wind. So quick was he that he was safely landed at Kinghorn before any pursuit could be made, and soon he was back in Cellardyke. By the connivance of St. Andrews friends, he obtained a berth in a trader to London; yet, scarcely was his vessel in the Thames than he was taken again, this time in company with an old schoolfellow, Thomas Watson. But he was no more willing to give

in than before, and Watson, being of the same mind, while the ship lay moored off Greenwich, the two slipped overboard in a desperate attempt to swim ashore. Poor Watson was swept away by the tide and drowned, but Pratt reached the bank in safety. Soon he is at sea again, this time in a Greenwich whaler, and then for five years in a troopship. Getting on in his profession, he obtains a berth as mate of a collier brig, but on his first voyage they are captured by a French privateer. Then, like Wilson, he undergoes all the hardships of imprisonment. Three hundred miles the miserable fugitives have to march in mid-winter, till they reach an old fortress where they are cast into a stone-flagged chamber at the top of the wall. At first utter fatigue made them welcome any resting-place, however rude, but soon reviving strength made their prison as irksome as a tomb. "Better die like men than starve to death like rats in a hole," cried one of the eighteen, and to escape they resolved. One had a marline-spike and by its help the iron bars of the single window were loosened and re-

moved, when a rope of blankets enabled them to reach the ground. A raging snowstorm covered their tracks, and when they could go no farther they dug a hole in the drifts and lay safe and warm. After six weeks, assisted by the kindly villagers in the little places through which they passed, for they avoided the towns, they reached the sea and had the good luck to find an English ship which landed them safe at Falmouth. Robert Pratt returned to Cellardyke, where he followed the whale-fishing, making no less than thirty-seven voyages in all. At last, disabled by an accident, he took a new lease of life as a sailmaker, a craft taught him by his father years before—and died at last in June 1870 at the age of eighty-one.

CHAPTER XII

CRAIL

Right in the East Neuk of Fife lies the little town of Crail. Of the twelve royal burghs on the north shore of the Forth, Crail is the oldest. It is said to have been made a royal burgh by Malcolm Canmore in the eleventh century, and a charter of David I. exists, dated 1150, while another was received from Robert the Bruce in 1306.

It would be difficult to find a name spelt in so many different ways as this simple little word Crail. Caraile, Karall, Karol, Karel, Karile, Carale, Kraol, Karil, Karall, Krell, Crell, Creyle, Creall, Craal, Carreill, Carel, Carole, Carraill, and Craill are some of the forms it assumes in old documents, but the explanation is simple. In the old days spelling was not regarded as the hard-and-fast thing

which it now is. It was more or less phonetic. Men spelt by ear, and were not averse to giving play to their fancy, so that one often finds different spellings of the same word in one document. It was the introduction of printing that fixed spelling, and that in the most haphazard and arbitrary fashion, so that to-day there is a strong tendency to go back to the old phonetic system.

Before the railway came to Crail, a few years ago, it was very much out of the world. Then the chief event of the day was the arrival of the daily coach from Anstruther, and a journey to and from St. Andrews took up the entire day. But it was a busy little place in the old days. "Crail Capons" or dried haddocks were famous

Tennant in his *Anster Fair* writes—

"Next from the well-aired town of Crail,
Go out her craftsmen with tumultuous din
Her wind bleached fishers sturdy limbed and hale,
Her in-kneed tailors garrulous and thin:
And some are flushed with horns of pithy ale
While to augment his drouth, each to his jaws,
A good Crail Capon holds, at which he rugs and gnaws."

And well-aired Crail undoubtedly is, for of all the windy towns on the shores of the Forth it has the distinction of being the coldest.

The east winds pour in from the open sea, and the low-lying land of Fife Ness affords no protection from the north, so the town is swept by all the winds that blow. But worse than the wind is the easterly haar which turns summer to mid-winter.

Here is the diary of a few July days spent in Crail—

"*Tuesday.*—A grey day, windy and cold. The May faintly visible, no sign of the south shore of the Firth.

"*Wednesday.*—An easterly haar. The East Neuk has bored its nose into it, forms loom up dimly, seeming miles away, not even the May visible. Had a bathe, but the haar thickened and dressing was a 'demmed moist unpleasant' business; walking back, tried a short-cut through the fields. 'Ilka blade o' grass' had much more than 'its ain drap o' dew' and bent under its load, so that from the knees down I was soaked. A nasty cold blight over everything, bleaching and taking all colour, and even light and shade, out of the landscape. The blight of the east wind.

"*Thursday.*—Morning dull with big white

clouds, but oh, glory! the coast of East Lothian and the ridge of St. Abbs is clear and distinct. The wind has changed during the night. A long walk along the shore; as we turn round Fife Ness and meet the north wind, the sea comes tumbling in, in great rollers. A bathe in the surf is a delight.

"Now at 5 p.m. we sit on a ledge of low shelving rocks by the shore. The clouds have fled all but a low bank out at sea, and the sun beats warm on the rocks. The light greenish blue of the sea deepens at the horizon to a vivid band like the blue of a Hiroshige colour-print, and the pools at our feet are of the deepest sapphire with seaweed fringes of emerald green. The Isle of May to-day is an amethyst, and on its northern shore a line of white breakers gleams in the sun."

Such a difference does a change of wind make to Crail, and, given ordinary conditions, it is a pleasant little town.

The main street is wide and open, with a number of fine old houses and a quaint Tolbooth with its squat tower, on the wall of which is carved the ship which is the coat of

arms of Crail. Past the Tolbooth, the High Street changes to Market Street, recently planted with rows of trees, which one day will afford shelter from the scorching sun which so seldom visits the burgh.

From this main street upon the level a series of short steep streets run down towards the harbour, which lies at the foot of the cliff. Nethergate, Castle Street, Shoregate are the names of some of these, which wind about in picturesque fashion and are lined with harled and red-roofed houses. Every here and there you come on a doorway with an inscription dating from the seventeenth century, which was the period of Crail's greatest prosperity, and therefore the time when the bulk of the town was built. The harbour, towards which the houses seem to come tumbling down the hill pell-mell, is a tiny affair, dry with every tide, and with a very tricky entrance, for reefs of jagged rock abound and the passage is narrow. Upon the top of the cliff are two whitewashed pillars, with a lamp on top, which act as guides by day or night. Keeping these in line, the fisherman is safe.

Once Crail was a busy little seaport and the harbour was thronged with coasting vessels and some that went farther afield, but now one seldom sees anything there but a few fishing-boats. Crail, however, is still celebrated for its crabs, which are esteemed the best on the coast, and the crab-fishing keeps employed a number of yawls chiefly manned by old men, for the young fellows go to the deep-sea fishing in the big boats of Cellardyke or Pittenweem. A few larger boats lie hauled up on the shore, their decks carefully protected by pieces of old carpets and linoleum. These are to be used for the winter herring-fishing.

Just overlooking the harbour is one of the quaintest houses in Crail. It is composed of two or three little cottages, all fine old buildings of the crowstepped type. From the back of the house a steep grassy slope runs down to the beach, and which is laid out in terraces. With its red tiles, white walls, and neat terraced garden ablaze with flowers, the place has a delightfully snug effect.

On the top of the cliff used to stand the old Castle of Crail, where it is said King David I.

resided in 1138. A path runs round the wall on the seaward side, which sheltered from the wind forms a favourite lounge for visitors and townsfolk. A few years ago a fall of part of the cliff carried it away, but now the damage has been repaired and the path built out in solid concrete.

A little to the east of the town is Roome Bay, the chief bathing-place, and a pleasant walk along the shore, by Sauchope links, takes one to Fife Ness.

Every here and there one comes to a little sandy bay where the salmon-nets are set, and on shore on lofty poles the nets are hung out to dry. The combination of the upright poles and the long curves of the hanging nets forms a beautiful arrangement of line, and the landscape shows through the films of net like a lady's face through her veil.

Close to Fife Ness is the cave where it is said that Constantine, King of the Scots, was killed by the Danes, and there, too, is the little creek where Mary of Guise landed when she came from France to marry James v. A little inland is Balcomie Castle, where the royal party

stayed the night before going on to St. Andrews, where the marriage was celebrated. Balcomie Castle is but a shadow of its former self, as only one wing remains; but in its glory, when it could shelter a troop of dragoons and give every man a room and every horse a stall, it must have been a fine specimen of Scottish baronial architecture.

Between the Castle and the sea lie Balcomie links, Crail's excellent golf-course, which is well worth the mile-and-a-half walk from the town. In the sandy bay is the shed housing the Crail lifeboat, which can be more easily and safely launched there than among the reefs which surround the harbour.

For those, too, who find Roome Bay too public and too crowded, Balcomie Sands form an excellent bathing-place.

But you must not mind a little surf, for here you are round Fife Ness, and look away to the north from which the big blue rollers come tumbling in. Just a little way out the water boils and seethes off the dangerous Carr Rocks and farther still, the lightship that warns off the unwary swings and rolls in the swell.

THE TOWN HALL, CRAIL

From a painting by

T. CORSAN MORTON.

It is a glorious view up to the Forfarshire hills, with the faint peaks of the Grampians beyond.

One of the most interesting features of Crail, is the old parish church. But, before we enter the churchyard, a big blue boulder at the gate calls for attention.

The story goes, that when the old church of Crail was being built, the devil came to the foreman of the works, disguised as an old man, seeking employment. He was given work, and then everything went wrong. The building which was done during the day was mysteriously undone at night, until the foreman was at his wit's end.

At this critical juncture, St. Clair happened to stroll along. In a moment his eagle eye recognised the fiend under his disguise, and a few words sent him off in a clap of thunder to the Isle of May. Here the devil seized a huge rock and hurled it at the church—

> "As he flang, he braggit, and blustered,
> But the rock, didna gang very far,
> Wi' a gust o' wind, oot o' the westart,
> It sklentit and struck on the Carr."

As it struck it flew in two pieces, the largest

of which fell on Balcomie sands, while the other with the dent of the devil's thumb on it lies at the church gate.

Of the old church the only part now remaining in its original condition is the square tower, with its short spire, the rest has been altered and rebuilt, till now, the barnlike interior with its boxlike wooden pews can bear little resemblance to the old church.

Not so very long ago there were six incorporated trades in the burgh of Crail, the blacksmiths, the wrights, the tailors, the shoemakers, the coopers and the bakers, and each of these guilds enjoyed a monopoly of the town's work. There was also an association of weavers, but not quite on the same footing. Each of these bodies had its own accommodation set apart for it in the parish church and some of the "lofts," were adorned with quaint devices.

The weaver's loft bore the following inscription in vertical and horizontal lines to represent the weft and the warp—

The coat Weave troth was with- with trust. out seam
Woven from the top throughout.

The shoemaker's loft, built in 1765, at the cost of fifteen pounds, not counting the timber, bore the text. "How beautiful are thy feet with shoes."

The tailor's was much more elaborate—

"This ancient trade since Adam was a rebel,
Justly deserves the head of all the table.
For first in Paradise it did begin,
Which minds us all of our original sin
But since that sin the case has altered so,
Were it not for tailors, we all might naked go."

With their curious old customs, much of the character of the old civic life of these little towns has departed.

Here is a copy of the burgher's oath of Crail, dating from 1759, which shows how real an existence these ties had then, which now have become mere matters of form.

"I swear I shall be faithful to the toun of Craill, obey the magistrates and their officers, tuck of drum, and clink of bell, obey and fulfil the thirlage to the milus, and that I shall not shelter nor harbour unfreeman's goods on pretence of my own, nor hear or sie the touns skaith without duly advertising the magistrate thereof, so help me, God."

There was life in the old burghs in those days, and wit and humour too, as witness Alexander Monipenny of Pitmilly's verses on Town Clerk Dishington—

"Oh were you e'er in Crail town
Igo and ago
An saw you there Clerk Dishington
Iram coram dago.

His wig was like a drouket hen,
The tail o' it like a grey goose pen.

Ken ye aught o' Sir John Malcolm
If he's a wise man I mistak him.

Ken ye aught o' Sandy Don,
He's ten times dafter than Sir John."

And so the verses run. We can imagine what roisterous nights these cronies had in the old burgh.

The churchyard of Crail is specially rich in old monuments, and Mr. Erskine Beveridge of Dunfermline has devoted a handsome and well-illustrated volume to their consideration and elucidation. The most elegant of all the monuments is the mural tomb of the Airdie family. Erected in the year 1598, it was probably brought from Holland.

Along the west wall of the church seems to

have been the municipal burial-ground, for here under imposing tombs lie interred no less than eight bailies and a town treasurer.

One of the earliest is that of Treasurer Andrew Millar, who was born in 1567 and died 1630—

"Earthe tak my earth
Satan my sinne heave
The vorld my sub
stance heaven me
safe receave."

Bailie Thomas Young who died in 1758, boasts of a longer and even more curious epitaph, which was the composition of a well-known local character, James Kingo, Convenor of Trades, and highly esteemed as a wit and a poet. Here is his tribute to his friend—

"Here lys interred before this tomb
The corpse of Bailie THOMAS YOUNG
Ane honest man of good renown
Three times a Bailie in this toun
He sixteen years convenor was
But now into the dust he lyes
The 20th of October born was he
In anno 1683
And died December 6 interred the eight
In anno 1758
So he with great composure left this stage
And in the 76th year of his age
Isobel Martin his spouse doth lye here
As also six of their children dear."

There is an interesting history attached to the epitaph as it now stands. About the year 1865 the inscription, which owing to the softness of the stone was almost obliterated, was coolly chiselled off by the owners of the burial-place adjoining, with a view to appropriating the monument to their own use. Surely we have here the very acme of meanness, the stealing of a grave stone!

The minister and kirk-session however interposed, and had the inscription recut from memory.

Some of the humbler stones too have interesting inscriptions, as, for instance, the following—

KATHERINE WEIR 1795
K.W.

Here lyes the corpse of
Katharine Weir daug^r to
Duncan Weir and Agn^s Robe
rtson who dyed Octr 17 of
1797 ag^d 2 years and 7 months
"When ye Archangels trump shall blow
And souls to bodies join
Millions shall wish their lives below
Had been as short as mine."

Rather a cynical reflection for so young a child.

One day, while looking round among the

old tombstones, I found a mason cutting an inscription on a new one. A few minutes' conversation about the craft of the stone-cutter led to his taking me round the churchyard, and pointing out the chief examples of his chisel during the last twenty years. He was a worker in wood, too, and invited me to his house, where among other pieces of work he had a series of violins, made by his own hands. On one of these was carved the old coat of arms of Crail, the boat with its crew, and on my examining it with interest he told me it was a faithful copy of the old burgh seal, and fetched an impression of the seal in plaster for my inspection.

It seems that the old burgh seal of Crail had been lost for a long time, but some years ago, when with other workmen engaged in pulling down an old house, he came upon what turned out to be the die from which the old seals were stamped. The framework was worn and broken but the seal itself was intact, and on its being repaired a few copies were struck in plaster, one of which was given to my friend, the finder.

CHAPTER XIII

ST. ANDREWS

The old town of St. Andrews occupies a niche of its own. It possesses that indefinable quality which belongs to so few cities and towns; which Edinburgh possesses, but which Kirkcaldy does not, the supreme quality of distinction.

And the reason is not far to seek. Though St. Andrew's Cathedral is now only a magnificent ruin, lifting its great gaunt gable to the sky, and though the reforming Calvinists did their best to purge the place from all such taint, yet the old spirit which haunts the English Cathedral closes still lingers here. Just as in the English Cathedral cities, the church is the centre round which the town arose, so we find it in St. Andrews. The cathedral occupies a commanding site by the

seashore. Below it nestles the little harbour. On the other side lies the town with three fine open streets, North Street, Market Street, and South Street, parallel to each other, and all converging on the cathedral. And though the real life of the cathedral has long ceased to exist, yet the stately and dignified aspect it stamped upon the town has been preserved by another agency. For though the bishopric is destroyed, yet St. Andrew's University, the oldest in Scotland, and largely founded by these very bishops, by making the place a shrine of learning, has kept up its lofty tone and venerable associations.

To-day, the place has an academic calm. The wide, well-proportioned streets with their quiet grey stone, or white-harled buildings, are full of dignity and repose. In such an atmosphere as this one's perspective changes. The fussy trivialities of modern life obtrude less, the eternal verities reassert themselves more strongly. For the pursuit of knowledge though broadening its path with years, and turning eagerly to the future, is yet based on the traditions of the past, and sanctified with

the echoes of many centuries. And the spell of bygone ages lies over the grey walls of St. Andrews.

Its history begins in the misty regions of legendary lore. St. Regulus is said to have landed with his sacred relics in the fourth century, and by the end of the sixth a monastery had been erected there. The cathedral was founded in the year 1160, when it is supposed that the building, now in ruins, was begun, but a few yards to the south-east, within the precincts of the churchyard, stands a much older edifice, the tower and church of St. Regulus.

This square tower, rising in unbroken simplicity to the height of over a hundred feet, is one of the most interesting of ecclesiastical monuments in Scotland; for it is one of the few undoubted examples of pre-Norman work which we possess.

With the Norman Conquest the great church builders crossed over to England, and within the next hundred years, cathedrals, churches, and monasteries arose in every district, for a great wave of religious enthusiasm passed over the land. Then, as now, the first preliminary

towards building a new church was to pull down the old one, so it happens that buildings of the pre-Norman age are extremely rare. In England, too, the old Saxon churches were chiefly built of wood, which even if left unmolested would soon perish by natural decay. In Scotland, however, stone was more plentiful and was largely used even in these early days; and so it happens that we find there an interesting group of pre-Norman churches, of which that of St. Rules, at St. Andrews, is one of the chief.

The tower is square, its surface quite plain until close to the top, where a belfry window appears on each of the four sides, divided by a pillar into two lights, each with a rounded top. It is noticeable that the round is not an arch built in the usual way, but is cut out of a single stone—the two large stones, side by side, forming the lintel of the window.

Below, the doorway of the little square church is formed by a properly built arch, somewhat in the Norman style, but much more lightly proportioned than the massive Norman work.

There is a great diversity of opinion as to

the date of the church and tower. Legend states that this is the original church of St. Rule erected in the fourth century, but this theory is hardly tenable, and while some authorities would place the origin of the tower as early as the seventh century, the eleventh or even early in the twelfth century is now looked on as the probable date. Of course the fact that the work is pre-Norman does not necessarily mean that the church was built before the Norman Conquest, for Scotland was a number of years behind England in architectural matters, the changes of style taking place in England not spreading north until considerably later. The perfection of the building, too, and the approach to Norman characteristics in the doorways, would lead one to suppose that it could not be of a very much earlier date than the first real Norman work in Scotland.

The cathedral, as we have seen, was founded in 1160, and the Norman work of the east end is supposed to have been begun at that time. In all probability, therefore, St. Regulus's tower and church date from a period not very far antecedent to this. The fact that it

was allowed to stand, when the new cathedral was erected, practically on the same site, seems to show that it must have been a comparatively new building then.

The first thing that strikes one about the ruins of the cathedral itself is the vastness of the scale on which it has been planned. In its full glory, St. Andrews must have rivalled the largest of the English cathedral churches; although now the ruins hardly show its greatest extent, for recent discoveries indicate that at one time the nave projected some two or three bays farther to the west than the present west end. As you stand in the western gateway, looking up to the ruined east gable, the effect is impressive in the extreme, and imagination recoils from the effort of supplying the lofty pillars and sweep of vaulted roof which covered so wide a space. The church took over a hundred years to build, and so, like most other cathedrals, is in itself a record of the varying architectural styles, from the Norman to the early Gothic, and thence to the decorated period. But it was not till 1318, when Bruce's victory at Bannockburn

had finally consolidated the Scottish throne, that the cathedral, in the presence of the king and a vast assembly of nobility and clergy, was consecrated by Bishop William Lamberton. The king endowed it with a gift of a hundred marks yearly, "for the mighty victory vouchsafed to the Scotts at Bannockburn, by St. Andrew, the guardian of the realm."

When it stood complete on its cliff, the lofty grey towers soaring into the air, dwarfing even those of St. Regulus, the university and the parish church, for St. Andrews is a city of grey towers, it must have formed the most glorious ecclesiastical building in the south of Scotland. But now, little remains; the fabric, whether actually damaged or not by the reformers, soon fell into disrepair. Probably the lead was stolen from the roof, and once the wind and rain entered, it would soon play havoc with the interior. In 1649, the Town Council were authorised by Act of Parliament to use the stones of the Abbey in fortifying the town, and from that time till 1826 the building was treated as a quarry.

The churchyard contains some monuments

of interest, among them the tombstone of Rev. Samuel Rutherford, Professor of Divinity in the University of St. Andrews. Though the author of many learned works, it is by his "Letters" that he is best known to modern readers, which occupy a high place in devotional literature,—written in language so melodious and so rich in its imagery that to rival it we must turn to the "Song of Solomon." In those stormy days, it was inevitable that such a man should come in conflict with the authorities. In his old age he was deprived of his chair in the university, and narrowly escaped martyrdom.

As he lay dying, he was cited to appear before Parliament to answer a charge of high treason, but, "he had a higher tribunal to appear before, where his judge was his friend." He died on the 29th March 1661. The inscription on his tomb reads—

"What tongue what pen or skill of men,
Can famous Rutherford commend,
His learning justly raised his fame
True godliness adorned his name
He did converse with things above
Acquainted with Emanuels Love.
Most orthodox he was and sound
And many errors did confound

was, that the lady it commemorated had fallen down dead while dancing with her husband, on her wedding night. But when the slab was removed in 1909 from the churchyard, where its edges had been half buried, a further line of lettering round the edge was exposed, which puts quite a different complexion on the matter, and shows, that a pun on the lady's name, "Christiane Brydie," was intended. The outside inscription reads—

"Heir Lyeth A Christian CHRISTIANE BRYDIE
Spous To James Carstairs Baillie of St. Andrews
Deceassed Anno MDCLV Of Her Age XLVIII
Haveing Lived With Her Beloved Husband XXVI Yeares."

The town church still possesses two silver communion-cups on which Christiane Brydie's name appears, her husband who died in 1671 having left 200 pounds Scots to provide them.

Next in importance to the cathedral as a relic of the past is the castle, standing on a rocky headland a few hundred yards to the west. First built by Bishop Roger in the beginning of the thirteenth century, until the Reformation it remained the episcopal palace, a strange commentary on the life of the times,

that a fortress should be the dwelling of the heads of the church.

It was in this castle that Bishop Kennedy showed James II. how to break the power of his nobles, by taking a bundle of arrows, separating them, and snapping them one by one.

Under the sea tower, in the heart of the rock where it juts into the sea, is a gruesome dungeon known as the "Bottle Dungeon," so called from its shape. In the floor of the lower room in the tower is a hole five feet in diameter—down it goes for nearly twelve feet; the neck of the bottle then widens out, to form a chamber nearly twenty-four feet in breadth. There is no light, no ventilation, no exit of any kind but the neck of the bottle; a prisoner there had no more chance of escape than a crab has in a creel.

In this loathsome cell George Wishart was confined before his martyrdom; and here too John Roger, a black friar, lay for years, till he was secretly murdered there, and his body thrown over the cliffs—a story being circulated that, in impiously trying to fly, he had fallen and broken his neck. In the entrance tower

were the rooms of Cardinal Beaton, and here he sat at his window to gloat over the dying agonies of Wishart—the window out of which, three months after, his own lifeless body was suspended by the arm and leg, to satisfy the rage of the mob. His body, too, made the acquaintance of the Bottle Dungeon, for there it lay for seven months in salt ere it received burial.

The university of St. Andrews is the oldest in Scotland, dating from 1411, when it was founded by Bishop Wardlaw, its first chancellor. The colleges followed at later dates, St. Salvator's, or the Old College in 1450; St. Leonard's 1512; and St. Mary's, or the New College in 1537.

From the links the most striking object in St. Andrews is the fine college tower, the culminating example of the square towers with low spires which form the constructive feature of the Fife churches. The chapel of St. Salvator stands just below, built by Bishop Kennedy in the fifteenth century. In the middle of the eighteenth century the vaulted stone roof was demolished as unsafe, but the chapel is still a

beautiful example of late Gothic architecture, and contains the splendidly ornate tomb of its founder.

The town church of St. Andrews is believed to have been founded by Bishop Turgot, Queen Margaret's confessor, early in the twelfth century. The present church was built in the fifteenth century, and after many vicissitudes has just been tastefully restored.

Here John Knox first preached in 1547, here in 1559 he preached his famous sermon on the purifying of the temple, and towards the end of his life, in 1571 and 1572, he again occupied its pulpit. James Melville, his contemporary, writes thus of his last appearances.

"He was verie weak. I saw him everie day of his doctrine go hulie and fear, with a furring of martriks about his neck, a staff in the an hand, and guid godlie Richard Ballanden, his servand, halding upe the other oxter, from the Abbey to the Paroche Kirk; and by the said Richart, and another servant, lifted upe to the pulpit, whar he behovit to lean at his first entrie; bot or he had done with his sermont, he was

so active and vigorus that he was lyk to ding that pulpit in blads, and fly out of it!"

The pulpit now stands in the vestibule of St. Salvator's chapel, to which it was removed during the extensive alterations of the church, in the eighteenth century.

It was in the parish church that Archbishop Sharp preached his inaugural sermon in 1662, and after his murder in 1679 the gorgeous monument was erected which perpetuates his memory; a monument which for gaudy bad taste is only surpassed by the pulpit of Iona marble, alabaster, and onyx recently put up in memory of Dr. Boyd (A.K.H.B.).

One might write chapters on the beautiful old buildings of St. Andrews: the colleges, Queen Mary's House, the House of the Templars in South Street, just purchased by the University Court, and many others.

But we forget that, apart from religion and apart from learning, the town has long had another serious preoccupation, the game of golf. For to St. Andrews the devotees of golf turn as to the shrine of a saint. Here the high priests of the game preside over its mysteries;

and from here they send forth their missionaries to spread the truth all over the globe.

So the town has another aspect; the cream of the fashionable world pours into it every summer, yet it still manages to retain its dignity and its aloofness. It has its fashionable villas, its great hotels; everything is arranged for visitors on the best scale, yet it never degenerates into a northern Brighton.

Golf at St. Andrews is not a frivolous pastime, it is a serious business. The Royal and Ancient Club House at the first tee is a sober, dignified edifice, strongly built of grey stone. It has all the austerity of a temple. The very caddies are old, grey-haired men, who take their ease and smoke their pipes in a comfortable pavilion as they wait for an engagement. Once engaged, they follow the game with the gravity of a church service, the starter at the tee dispatching the couples conducts his business like a ritual.

Close by is old Tom Morris's shop, now alas! without the well-known figure, and the ground is hallowed with memories of past golfers, whose very names are mythical to the player

of to-day. Giants of the prehistoric days when, not only was the rubber core undreamt of, but even the gutta was a thing of the future; when the ball was a leather case stuffed with feathers, tricky and uncertain in flight; when the brassey had not yet displaced the long spoon; when iron clubs were used but sparingly, and approaches were played with the baffy.

The first of the great golfers to emerge from the obscurity of the past is Allan Robertson. His father and his grandfather were ball makers and professional golfers, so Allan was born to the trade. In the words of Tom Morris, his apprentice, he was "the cunningest bit body of a player that ever handled club." Small in stature, he played very easily with light clubs. Absolutely imperturbable in temper, he handled his man as cunningly as the ball. He had names for all his favourite clubs. "The Doctor," was one favourite; "Sir David Baird," a gift from its namesake, the most famous amateur of his day, was another; and the "Frying-pan" was the great lofting iron which laid so many of his approaches dead.

The change in clubs is almost as great as

ST ANDREWS

From a painting by
SAM BOUGH, R.S.A.

the change in balls. The first were heavy clumsy things, but towards the middle of the century a clubmaker, Hugh Philp, came to St. Andrews, who worked a revolution in their make. The difference between the Philp head and its predecessors was the difference between a carthorse and a thoroughbred. In the Philp the superfluous wood is all fined away, giving a model of great elegance. "Old Philps" are greatly prized by the connoisseur, but, like old "Strads," are apt to be forgeries, for more makers than one used the Philp stamp.

Of late years, however, the long slender head introduced by Philp has been discarded, in favour of a short compact head with a very small hitting surface, and the weight all in the centre. With a well-hit ball perhaps the difference would not be great, but it seems as if the modern bullet head minimises the bad effect of a slightly toed or heeled ball. Iron clubs too are now made smaller, and the mashie, a happy compromise between the iron and the niblick, and a most effective weapon, has been added.

But after all it is the man, not the club, that makes the golfer. "Ay, ye'll hae lost your match?" old Philp used to ask, when complaints were made of a club, and human nature has not altered since then. As a maker of the old leather balls, Allan Robertson viewed the gutta with disfavour. The first time he was ever induced to try one he deliberately topped it; "Ach, it winna flee ava," he cried. "Flee," cried his caddy, Bob Kirk, "nae ba' cud flee if its toppit."

It was through the gutta ball that he and his old apprentice, Tom Morris, had the disagreement which led to their parting company. One day Tom, playing with Mr. Campbell of Saddell, ran short of balls, and Mr. Campbell gave him a gutta to try. As they came in they met Allan, whom somebody told that Tom Morris was playing a grand game with one of the new balls. Later on there were "words," the result being that Tom set up business on his own account.

The making of the old leather ball had been a recognised industry since the days of James VI., who, in 1618, granted letters patent, for the

manufacture of golf balls in Scotland, to James Melville and William Berwick. The case was of cowhide, which was three parts sewn up, stuffed tightly with feathers, and then the sewing completed. The quantity of feathers required was an old "lum hat" full for each ball. The balls were not very truly round, they putted badly, and were very liable to burst at the seams, especially when wet. A ball seldom lasted much more than a round.

When first made the guttas were smooth, and flew in a very uncertain manner. It was discovered, however, that the more hacked a ball got the better it flew, so some genius hit on the idea of giving the ball a preliminary hacking with a hammer. Later on balls were marked in the mould, but up to some fifteen years ago "hand-hammered" balls were still popular.

Together, old Tom Morris and Allan Robertson played many matches, and were almost invincible, but a more famous player than either rose in the person of young Tom,—"Tommy," as he was familiarly called by the golfing fraternity. His first matches were

played when a mere boy, and when little over twenty he had won three times in succession the championship belt, which therefore passed into his possession. In his day he held the record of St. Andrew's course, with a score of seventy-seven.

It is the subject of much speculation, how the great golfers of those days would compare with the golfer of to-day. The conditions are so different. The greens are so much better kept now, that there are many strokes easier, the whins have largely disappeared, the course itself is like a lawn. The balls, too, fly much farther. As against this, holes have been lengthened and hazards multiplied. Anyhow, it seems undoubted that young "Tommy" is the originator of the free and dashing style of play known as the "St. Andrew's swing," the model most admired of all, though successfully imitated by few.

Of old Tom, what can one say, except that for an ordinary man's lifetime he was part and parcel of St. Andrew's links. Always courteous, never ruffled, he was the presiding deity of the place.

A good story is told of old Tom and F. G. Tait, in his younger and more erratic days. "Freddy" had driven a ball hard, but wild, which went right through a man's hat. The owner was naturally indignant, and after some argument the matter was squared for five shillings, when the youthful amateur rather ruefully went back to old Tom for sympathy.

"Ah Master Freddy," said he, "ye may be verra thankfu' that it's only a hat, an' no' an oak coffin, ye ha'e to pay for."

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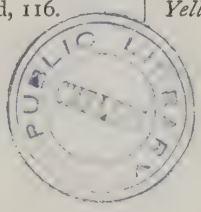

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